

midstream

A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

AUTUMN, 1960

Articles:

- **HAL LEHRMAN** A Language Recalled
- **MILLARD LAMPELL** Bringing "The Wall" to the Stage
- **BEN HALPERN** A Historical Parallel
- **ABBA EBAN** Science and National Liberation
- **DOV JOSEPH** The Siege of Jerusalem
- **SHLOMO KATZ** Notes in Midstream
- **JOSEPH B. SCHECHTMAN** Alliance Israélite Universelle: 1861-1961

Fiction:

- **HOYT FULLER** **The Senegalese**

Poetry:

- **HELEN NEVILLE** **To King Canute**

Books and Authors:

- ARNOLD J. BAND • JOEL CARMICHAEL • T. R. FYVEL
BENJAMIN DEMOTT • HENRY POPKIN • BETTY HAROLD
HARRISON E. SALISBURY

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Statement of Purpose

THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION has been established as an educational agency to promote the study and discussion of problems confronting Jews in the world today. Two overwhelming changes in the context of our Jewish existence—on the one hand, the destruction of one-third of world Jewry, which has erased many political and cultural landmarks, and on the other, the rise of the State of Israel, which has opened broad new horizons—call for a reexamination of basic concepts and the ways to Jewish fulfillment. Equally grave and equally difficult to answer in traditional terms, are the fateful questions that face a world aghast at the threat of its own annihilation. It is against this background that MIDSTREAM, A Quarterly Jewish Review, has been conceived.

In sponsoring MIDSTREAM, a Zionist publication, we are committed, above all, to free inquiry. We conceive Zionism as, in essence, a questioning of the Jewish *status quo*, and as a steady confrontation of the problems of Jewish existence. It is our hope that MIDSTREAM will offer critical interpretation of the past, a searching examination of the present, and afford a medium for considered and independent opinion and for creative cultural expression.

MIDSTREAM is not an official organ, nor do the publishers and editors necessarily identify themselves with views expressed in its pages. It is, rather, our purpose to enable a wide range of thought to appear in the columns of this magazine.

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FOUNDATION, INC.

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A Quarterly Jewish Review

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A Quarterly Jewish Review

HAL LEHRMAN, well known author and lecturer, last appeared in the Spring, 1960 issue of *Midstream* with a study of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In the following essay, he relates the circumstances attending on the unique revival of the Hebrew language, which, though never entirely forgotten, remained dormant throughout many centuries, to undergo a near-miraculous return to the land of the living in present day Israel.

A Language Recalled

The Story of Modern Hebrew

By **HAL LEHRMAN**

THE FIRST CHILD in modern history to learn Hebrew from the cradle up was born only a lifetime ago. A brother of that infant pioneer is a vigorous man of 61 in Israel today. Hebrew is at the same time one of the world's oldest living languages and among its recent and most marvelous inventions.

The Old Testament in Hebrew had a vocabulary of less than 8,000 words. But spoken Hebrew today possesses over 40,000 words more—better than half of them deliberately minted in the last quarter-century with all the care and love a horticulturist lavishes on a new species of rose. Even more unbelievable, though Hebrew spans some 3,400 years in time, for most of the past two millenia it has slumbered in the deep-freeze of history.

They were speaking Hebrew in the land of Canaan when Abraham arrived there about 1,500 years B.C.E. Yet at the time of Jesus (who spoke Aramaic) Hebrew was already fading from men's lips. By the dawn of the

Middle Ages the language of the Bible had withered away as a spoken language. It came to be used for little except writing, and even then mainly on themes of philosophy and religion. Not until the late 19th century did it commence to be used again in speech. Zionism made Hebrew a conscious act of faith, inspired by the dream that the ancient Jewish people, to be effectively restored in its ancient soil of Palestine, must first recapture its ancient Hebrew accents. When the revival began, not a single Jewish home, either in Palestine or anywhere else, in the Western world at least, spoke Hebrew.

This rebirth of an almost buried language is one of the major miracles of Israel, a land which specializes in them. It has received less notice than the miracle of Israel's redemption (by the United Nations) in 1947, her triumph over five invading Arab armies in 1948, her sensational sweep across Sinai and near-conquest of Suez in 1956, or her absorption of an immi-

grant flood twice the size of her basic population in the first decade of her independence. Yet none of these achievements is more amazing than Hebrew's comeback. Fully ninety percent of Israel's many-nationed inhabitants, a majority of whom were scattered around the world only a few years ago and spoke one or more of several dozen languages *except* Hebrew, now converse together—at varying rates of fluency but with universal vigor—in the resurrected, modernized and constantly growing speech of their Biblical forefathers.

No other language in history has returned so robustly to life. Only Cornish, which similarly disappeared from spoken use (but only since the 18th century), has made a similar attempt to come back to life—with very lean results. Though long-repressed Gaelic and Lithuanian became official languages of new national states after World War I, both tongues had never ceased being spoken—if only as dialects—in the privacy of humble homes and fields. Hebrew alone stirred and awoke full-throated out of the caverns of memory and the mute written record.

The voice was slow to be heard but, once Palestine and then Israel were regained, its volume swelled in rapid maturity. As recently as 1918, after three decades of missionary work by ardent Hebraists, only 34,000—barely forty percent of the Jewish community in Palestine—knew how to speak Hebrew. But after four decades more, including ten years of statehood—the language has been adopted by 1,800,000.

Hebrew has already won more speakers than other reinvigorated national languages like Welsh, Latvian, Albanian, Slovene and Armenian. It is swiftly overtaking the languages of larger national groups like Lithuanian and Slovak. From the outset it was richer

than all of these in the quality and abundance of its literary treasures. Today eleven Hebrew dailies and a whole newsrack of magazines are published in Israel, more than a thousand books come out in Hebrew each year, the great Hebrew University of Jerusalem and four other national institutions of higher learning instruct exclusively in Hebrew, at least three theatrical companies, an opera society and numerous travelling troupes present growing Hebrew repertoires, two Israeli radio stations have full Hebrew schedules, and several foreign countries—including a number of Arab capitals!—broadcast special programs in Hebrew.

A steady best-seller in Israel is *Elef Millim*—"One Thousand Words" a language primer containing the basic vocabularies for reading and conversation. First published in 1954, the book has gone through fifteen editions since then. Its compilers have also done two other lists: "One Thousand Words—and Two Thousand More," and "One Thousand Words—and Ten Thousand More."

THE BIBLICAL PROPHETS, or even the medieval Jewish scholars who wrote in Hebrew, would have blinked in perplexity at their contents. The 19th-century pioneers of Hebrew's revival found a vocabulary on parchment and paper which was suitable enough for poetry or debates in theology or ethics, but lacked the terminology of modern everyday living and the technical complexities which had transformed the world since the pastoral times of David and Jeremiah. It was possible to discuss eternity, the soul and things sacred and sublime in Hebrew, but not transportation, medicine or plumbing.

First efforts to adapt the old language and its sparse lexicon resulted in windy, bombastic circumlocutions. The best that could be devised for "gloves"

was "houses for the hands." The word for "microscope," concocted from two Biblical phrases, was a glass by which "the moss that springs out of the wall shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." To designate an "elevator," the phrase "ascends and arrives" was borrowed from a traditional prayer. One early Hebrew writer, trying to translate "telegraph," could only resort to *Psalms* 19: 4-5: "There is no speech, there are no words, neither is their voice heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world."

For some seventy years now, philologists, teachers, editors, orators, writers, poets and just plain people have been coining efficient words to fill the myriad gaps opened during the centuries when the modern world was shaping while Hebrew slept. Each invention has its parentage in the older vocabulary or some other linguistic forebear. Many are immediately absorbed into the expanding pool of popular speech. Many others are tried and discarded. (There were seven different words for "match" before *gafrur*—from *gofrit*, "sulphur,"—caught on.) A "Language Council" established in 1890 has grown until now it has 29 committees of scholars and technicians drafting words to suit the technical needs of all sciences, crafts and professions. It publishes official lists of its creations; among its recent works are three pamphlet-dictionaries, totalling 3,600 words, for music, telephone engineering, and the automobile and all its parts.

ELIEZER BEN-YEHUDA, a Lithuanian medical student, was the first to see vividly the compelling bonds between national revival of the Jewish people and resurrection of the national language. In 1880 he wrote prophetically: "Today we speak foreign languages; tomorrow we shall speak Hebrew."

There is now even a School for Tourists, at the Hebrew University, offering a cram-course which in six days—four hours daily—will teach foreign visitors how to get along for the rest of their Israel tour on 400 simple Hebrew words and phrases. Other young national states, like Burma, are studying the Israeli experience for help in expanding their own native languages to modern requirements after long restraint under European colonial dominion. Meanwhile, for Israeli citizens old and new, the entire country has become a "king-size" national classroom.

Systems and forms of instruction range from intensive five-month, full-time schools for immigrant professionals to the tutoring of illiterate Kurdish, Turkish or Moroccan newcomers by student volunteers. In Israel's first years, when the State was too busy breasting the refugee flood to cope with the language problem too, the job was taken on by private citizens. Notable among them was an ex-Latvian, one Jacob Maimon, a Palestinian since 1922, inventor of Hebrew shorthand.

Every day except Sunday, when he sat in as official stenographer at regular weekly meetings of the Israeli Cabinet, Maimon would recruit a few teen-age girls from the Jerusalem secretarial school where he taught shorthand. Packing them into a passing bus, he would bring rudimentary, hit-or-miss, first lessons in Hebrew to some immigrant camp in the capital's outskirts.

Today a pool of government trucks and jeeps is available for volunteer teachers—boy scouts, high-school students, political youth-club members, policemen and soldiers off duty, government workers on vacation, middle-aged housewives whose children have grown up, business executives whose counterparts in the United States might be playing golf instead. They go forth with Hebrew kits, supplied by the Edu-

cation Ministry, containing a large alphabet chart, an elementary reader, a notebook specially ruled for Hebrew script, a dozen sheets of plain paper, three pencils, and six stencilled pages of instructions on how to be a teacher. There are over 5,000 volunteers; more are constantly being enlisted by newspaper ads, radio announcements, and even appeals flashed on movie theater screens.

Immigrant doctors, bookkeepers, teachers, civil servants, accountants, architects, artists, pharmacists, social workers, engineers, journalists—any professionals (and college or high-school graduates) who would adjust themselves quickly to the unfamiliar country and start contributing early to its development if only they spoke its language—are virtually “kidnapped” from pier or airport on arrival in Israel and taken straight to special schools where they study, eat, drink and sleep Hebrew for five uninterrupted months. They are freed from personal worry by Jewish Agency loans, which support the family in hotels till its breadwinner can begin working after graduation. The Agency’s Absorption Department also provides food and lodging for the trainees, while the Education Ministry pays the teachers and supervises the curriculum.

The first such school was invented in 1949 by a 34-year-old, ex-Polish educator, Dr. Mordechai Kamrat. To distinguish it from the ordinary school, known as *beit sefer* (“house of the book”), Dr. Kamrat borrowed a word which had meant “training place” in the Talmud and “studio” in modern Palestine: *ulpan*, today one of the best-known Hebrew words in the world.

TEN such *ulpanim* dot Israel from Haifa in the north to Beersheba in the south. Until 1957 there were only three—in Haifa, Jerusalem and Givat-

aim near Tel Aviv. Seven more had to be added because of the need—and a fourth bed was put into the usual three-bed dormitories. Foreign residents and visitors, including non-Israeli students at any of the country’s higher schools, may enroll in an *ulpan*, but only immigrants may live in them. Schedules are staggered month by month so that a beginner’s class is always commencing somewhere for each newcomer. In a recent 12-month period, over 4,000 graduated from *ulpanim*. A total of 30,000 have emerged since its inception from the system—among them one immigrant who has now the high post of Assistant Dean at the Hebrew University’s School of Law, another who is Israel’s most popular newspaper columnist and humorist.

Instructional methods are based on the foreign-language Specialized Training Program of the United States Army in World War II. But the *ulpan* has added techniques peculiarly inspired by the mood and need of the uprooted immigrants.

The American system prepared military personnel mainly for occupation duties in conquered countries like Germany and Japan. Graduates were expected to remain completely American. They were not encouraged to “fraternize” with the local population. They learned to *talk* the foreign language more than to *understand* it. Emphasis was placed on giving orders in it rather than exchanging ideas in it. The verb drill was largely in the imperative voice.

In the *ulpan* the conditions and purposes are vastly different. No student wants to remain a “Pole” or an “Iranian” or a “Tunisian.” Many who come to Israel are refugees, with tragic or bloody memories. Their only imperative is to wipe the unhappy past out of their minds—and perhaps to overcome their new loneliness. For none can

be more lonely than a stranger cut loose from the stabilities, and haunted by the spectres, of his previous existence, drained of confidence if not of health and vitality, and dropped suddenly into a new world of unfamiliar sights and incomprehensible sounds.

The *ulpan*, therefore, goes all out to make the student *understand*—not only the language of the new country when he hears it, but the country itself, so as to feel himself a part of it.

Nothing but Hebrew is spoken, from the very outset. (In any case there is no other common language of communication, since each group is of mixed origins, with different mother tongues.) The meaning of individual words is acted out by gesture and pantomime till a primitive oral word-list has been built up as a foundation for living together. No formal grammar is taught, the language's structure being learned through use. Verbs are studied by application, rather than by conjugation.

The first reader for the class is the day's newspaper. The student plunges immediately into the events and problems of the new homeland. He studies the fine print of his bus-ticket, the leaflet handed him in the street, the notices on the *ulpan* bulletin-board, anything which is part of his daily living. Text-books, later on, are all specially tailored to help his "absorption" into the country. (In the early days, when there was a shortage of funds for books, teachers picked up any "live" printed material on hand, even the transcripts of Israeli parliamentary speeches—which made some *ulpanists* more fluent in flowery Hebrew than in plain conversational idiom.)

The student eats his meals and takes his recreation in Hebrew. In the evenings, itinerant lecturers come to talk to him in simple words about Israel in any of its thousand different aspects. He looks at films and slides with simple

Hebrew commentary; or listens to special Hebrew broadcasts with his teacher beside him; or hears the melodies of Israel sung by a travelling guitarist; or attempts his first stumbling steps in the national folk-dances. He also makes frequent forays to historic sites, museums, theatres, and concerts, which immerse him constantly in a Hebrew cultural atmosphere.

After two months he has a working vocabulary of 1,000 words. In three months more he has at least doubled his word list and is ready to seek a place for himself in the Hebrew-speaking world outside. An optional sixth month drills the professional in the special terminology of his own vocation: legal Hebrew for lawyers, technical Hebrew for engineers, business phrases and auditing terms for accountants.

ETZION, in the Baka district of Jerusalem, is the oldest, largest and most characteristic of the *ulpanim*. It is lodged in a onetime Carmelite convent, faced with blocks of Jerusalem's golden limestone, which the British during the Mandate requisitioned as an officers' club. The school began experimentally in 1949, when Israel was hardly a year old. In a recent semester it had 260 students from 48 countries—a Ph.D. from Heidelberg and a surgeon from Warsaw sitting in the same row with graduates of Casablanca and Baghdad high schools.

Etzion's *menahelit* (female principal) came from Switzerland in her teens a quarter-century ago. Two of her twelve teachers were born in Germany; one is an ex-Austrian; another is ex-Lithuanian; eight are *sabras* (Palestinian-born). Four of the latter are girls who learned how to teach Hebrew while doing their military service; they obtained their first jobs, at Etzion, on recommendation of their commanding officers.

"Eighty percent of the group this term have university degrees," Principal Shoshanna Eytan told me. "We divided them into eleven classes, according to academic aptitude. Also according to state of mind. We mix the pessimists with the optimists. Those who are afraid of the future can be helped by those who have been able to forget the past. Our teachers must know how to teach. But, more important, they must know kindness and patience.

"The students find a haven here. It's an escape from tortured memories, and a shelter against the pressures lying ahead. We make time stand still a while for them. They thrive in the hot-house atmosphere. There is something therapeutic in being treated like school-children again. You should see the former magistrates and government department chiefs, who have had a lifetime of tests and trials behind them—how they cram for exams here as if it was the most important thing in the world, and then they explode with joy when they get good grades. Most of them are fathers, and some even have grandchildren, but they take parts in our simple Hebrew plays and festivals with all the zest of youngsters. Afterwards, when they've been out in the real world again, and trying to earn their living in this rugged country of ours, they look back to Etzion as a happy, happy time. Ulpanists stick together. The best employers for our graduates are earlier graduates. It's an esprit de corps, like soldiers who have been under fire together..."

Thanks to intensive "Israelization" in the *ulpanim*, the dejected and even the maimed have made new starts. A trained nurse lost both her legs in an accident while still in Hungary; she tried suicide in Israel; after an *ulpan* term she graduated into a post as chief of a hospital registry office. A one-

armed Russian youth of 22, child of internment camps, who had never learned a trade, was shown by vocational aptitude tests to have the makings of a good teacher; he was put through two full *ulpan* courses, from beginners' to advanced class, then through six months of a teachers' seminary; he is now an elementary-school instructor in the southern Negev.

Ulpanim have even helped redeem part of a whole generation almost lost to Jewry. When Poland suddenly opened her gates to a Jewish exodus in 1956, many families arrived with teenage children or "intellectuals" in their twenties who had been bred under communism. Those admitted to *ulpanim* shocked classmates by their anti-democratic attitudes, some even by a kind of imitative, sneering anti-Semitism. At best, most did not feel themselves to be Jews or to have any kinship with Israel. Their ignorance of things Zionist was monumental: Asked in a preliminary examination to identify Theodor Herzl, the founder of political Zionism who died in 1904, one group from Poland replied variously that he was an Israeli delegate to the United Nations, a famous general, and the current President of Israel. *Ulpan* exposure transformed such "lost" Jews into eager and zealous citizens of a newly-discovered Israel.

MODIFIED types of *ulpanim* are open to newcomers ineligible for the subsidized courses or otherwise unable to undertake such concentrated full-time training. The age of students in the professional *ulpanim* runs normally from 35 to 55 years. For persons between 18 and 35, especially those without higher academic schooling and ready to rough it, there are the *ulpanei avoda* ("work schools"). The student lives in a *kibbutz* (agricultural collective) for a half year, spending the

mornings on farm chores, the afternoons (24 hours weekly) on group instruction in Hebrew and other Israel subjects, the evenings at study or sharing the settlement's recreational activities: weekly films and concerts in the communal dining-room, hot debates in the student *Vaad* ("assembly"), or the famed *koom-sitz* (from "come, sit") bull-sessions in some fellow-*kibbutz*'s room, where good talk can go on till dawn in search of solutions for the world's and the universe's enigmas.

Between 700 and 800 young people yearly acquire Hebrew by this method in some 35 *kibbutz ulpanim*. A few settlements, handsomely located, make a particular bid for "Anglo-Saxons" (from the U.S., Britain and Commonwealth countries) and for Latin-Americans: notably Shefayim, in the plains of Sharon, and Ha-Solelim, in the West Galilean hills near storied Nazareth. Such small *ulpanim* also work Zionist wonders: one group of four American lads, who came to Israel just for a "quick look," learned Hebrew at a *kibbutz* and then joined a company of volunteers to establish a new settlement on the hazardous Syrian frontier.

There are a handful of daytime *ulpanim* known as *externes*—for "outside" students living at home—which give 30 hours of classes weekly for five months. In larger towns and in the new urbanized "development centers" to which most immigrants now go on arrival in Israel, some 30 schools (this type is called *ulpanit*, a feminine form of *ulpan*) offer Hebrew four mornings or evenings weekly—12 to 16 hours—to newcomers already with jobs. For those with still less time to spare, there are over 100 evening *ulpaniot* where they can acquire up to six or as little as two hours of instruction weekly. More than 17,000 immigrants yearly go through these longer or shorter *ulpanit* courses, which are in part

maintained by local municipal and town councils and even by some Israeli political parties and by the *Histadrut*, Israel's powerful Labor Federation. Among *ulpaniot* appealing to special groups is one for the aged and another for the blind—which includes a course in Hebrew Braille.

BUT THE LARGEST target in "Operation Hebrew" is the immigrant mass—particularly that bulk of newcomers, from Oriental countries in the main, illiterate not only in Hebrew but in its own languages as well. This is the area pioneered by independent volunteers like Jacob Maimon, the shorthand inventor, and more recently serviced by the Education Ministry in a volunteer network of elementary-education-for-adults classes.

Here the teacher seeks out the students. He journeys to backward camps and primitive settlements, wins the confidence or sparks the curiosity of habitually indifferent and suspicious illiterates, then does his teaching in the homes of his pupils. "Classes" usually comprise a single family or a group of families, because of the traditional Oriental pattern of fiercely tight-knit blood-kin and tribal relationships.

In 1954 the government launched its first push, called *Hanchalat ha-Lashon* ("endowment of the linguistic heritage") to inoculate such newcomers with a minimum Hebrew vocabulary. By the end of six months it was estimated that 40,000 illiterates were being reached; since then, up to 50,000 more have been receiving at least a smattering of Hebrew in each academic term.

"We concentrate first on interesting the mothers and the older girls," said Maimon, now 57, who is still an active volunteer. "Sometimes we admonish the mothers that if they do not learn the language, their children at school will think them stupid—and 'the grocer

will cheat you.' When the men see their women learning, they join in too. A Kurd of 32, already the father of eleven children, once protested that he was too old to learn—till we shamed him by a reminder that the great scholar, Rabbi Akiva, first learned the alphabet at age 40.

"For many, it is the first time in their lives they are holding a pencil in their hands. Before we finish, some have learned how to read a newspaper, others just to write their names in Hebrew and speak a few basic words. We move on as soon as the immigrant is confident enough to start going to night-school by himself, or a child in the family has absorbed enough Hebrew in day-school to take over."

Some of the Orientals, especially the Yemenites, already spoke Hebrew before reaching Israel. They will often ask for lessons in arithmetic, or for Bible classes, and the teachers will try to oblige. On the other hand, many Oriental women, know little about hygiene, housekeeping or even, how to sew on a button—and here too the volunteers bring enlightenment.

But Maimon feels they give their students greatly more than a few elementary school subjects and techniques: "Our immigration is so massive, the individual immigrant often gets lost. I mean, he does not have the sensation of being personally welcome, the way newcomers used to be in the pre-Israel Palestine, when everything—population, immigration, problems, everything—was smaller.

"The old settlers would feel responsible for the new ones. They would meet with them, help them directly and personally, give them a feeling of being really wanted. But nowadays the old settler feels the job is too big, the Agency and the government can handle it, he no longer has a sense of personal responsibility. New immigrants

without relatives already here are dealt with only by organizational people—considerately, perhaps, but mechanically, not with real warmth. Our volunteers' greatest function is that they bring this warmth. We have a rule that our teachers must go back to the same settlement at least four times, and at least once a week, in order to create some sort of bond between themselves and their pupils. The immigrants respond with real gratitude. Some of my volunteers have actually been 'adopted' by immigrant families. Almost always, permanent friendships are made. Immigrant absorption is not just a matter of a house and a job. It also involves human relations. This is what the volunteer teacher contributes..."

THE ARMY of Israel, too, has understood this need of the bewildered newcomer for compassion. The Army, in fact, is the nation's single most effective citizen-maker.

Not only because nearly every man under 30 must pass through it for two or two-and-one-half years and unmarried women under 27 for two years, while men over 30 serve in the reserves until age 49 and women without children until age 34. But also because, to a larger extent than European armies, the Israeli military establishment concerns itself with the personal welfare of each soldier and his individual integration into the national community.

True, no other army in the world contains such a complex assortment of recruits who somehow have to be drilled into a working unity. Nevertheless, it is to the Israeli Defense Forces' resounding credit that, despite perpetual military pressures of life-and-death intensity, the Army has wholly accepted its mission to be a school—and a home for Israel's uprooted—as well as a shield for Israel's borders.

As part of basic training, every im-

migrant rookie takes a compulsory course in Hebrew. Recruits without grammar-school diplomas are required also to study enough arithmetic, civics, Bible and Israeli and general history and geography to satisfy a minimum standard of primary education. Commanders give weekly hour-long talks on current events. Civilian lecturers discuss such matters of national concern as agriculture and economic affairs. Groups interested in particular subjects are encouraged to set up a study circle, and obtain qualified instructors free of charge through their commanding officers.

The Army itself has trained as teachers some one thousand girl-soldiers who have since entered the national educational system. Men who in their Oriental countries of origin might never have aspired to being more than unlettered peddlers or cobblers are taught modern crafts and specialties which immeasurably raise their potential for income and status when they leave the service. By regulation, each commander gives direct attention to morale and welfare problems. Every unit has a full-time welfare sergeant: in some infantry companies heavily stocked with immigrants, up to 70% of the roster might be classified as welfare cases. Unremitting emphasis is placed on giving the recruit a sense of belonging and of being cared about, together with the intellectual tools to fit him after his discharge into the civilian life of a country which he is now sure is his own and will therefore be prepared to defend with his life.

Meanwhile the universal obsession with Hebrew—tool *par excellence* for welding one people out of many—pursues the soldier's immigrant parents, his relatives, and all others conscious of the need to communicate with the larger nation beyond the narrow, alien-

feeling group with which they entered Israel.

Each day there is a special 15-minute radio news program in an "Easy Hebrew" read at a slow pace. *Kol Israel* ("Voice of Israel") broadcasts Hebrew lessons eight times weekly for 18-week courses. One such course is entirely in Hebrew; the others, making a concession to the impossibility of transmitting gesture and grimace by radio, alternate in French, Yiddish, Ladino (from the Spanish) and Judeo-Arabic. Many newspapers feature a weekly "corner" for new words and basic phrases. *Omer* ("Expression"), a daily designed exclusively for immigrants, publishes news and features in simple Hebrew, with text embellished by full vowel signs for readers unable to decipher the usual unvowelled Hebrew script. The weekly *La Mat-chil* ("For the Beginner"), based on a 1,500-word, vowelled vocabulary, with even a simpler section called "In a Very Easy Hebrew," distributes 5,000 free copies of each issue to immigrant settlements. The Education Ministry is experimenting with films and recordings as media for mass language instruction. Stories by popular Israeli authors are being rewritten to fit a 1,000-word vocabulary limit.

HUNGARIAN-BORN Aharon Rosen, who arrived in Palestine in 1924 at the age of 18, is Israel's unofficial "Champion Hebrew Teacher." He is co-author, with Tel Aviv *ulpan* instructor Yosef ben-Sheffer, of the foreign student's constant companion in Israel, *Elef Millim*. This little classic mixes instruction with humor in its systematic infusion of basic vocabulary. Lesson X, for example, proceeds in Hebrew as follows:

David goes into the cafe. One chair is unoccupied. David says: "Excuse me, Sir. I would like to sit here. I want, you want, he wants. Please,

Sir, I am asking. He asks, she asks, they ask. I say, he says, they say."

"What's the matter with you?" Are you alright?"

"Sure, sure, I'm alright. I am just studying grammar..."

Rosen estimates that, in Israel's first ten years, he taught around 3,000 persons to speak, read and write rudimentary Hebrew. Each class needed a minimum of 50 hours. (In 20 hours one acquired just a speaking knowledge of 400 words.) This meant that Rosen's students received at least 50,000 man-hours of instruction. He has also trained over 150 teachers in his conversational method, which uses nothing but Hebrew and starts with 20 oral lessons before opening a book.

Rosen's normal schedule consists of 20 hours of private tutoring and 16 hours of group instruction. He has taught Hebrew to priests, nuns, missionaries, Japanese, Ethiopians and Indians. At the Hebrew University he is the instructor in elementary Hebrew for 300 students, all of them foreigners except a sprinkling of local Arabs. Hebrew is mandatory in University classrooms and lecture-halls, except for a few privileged professors from abroad whose academic distinction outweighs their inability to speak the native language. But even they are expected to make a valiant occasional try at lecturing in Hebrew after a year or two of residence.

Among established settlers the country over, zeal for Hebrew's dissemination is unflagging. Everyone does his bit, even the butcher and shopkeeper, who will take time off to teach a customer the Hebrew word for an item or two. The social pressure is insidious. "Aren't you doing something about your Hebrew?" the neighbor will blandly ask a newly-installed American or Australian family on the second ex-

change of visits. Nobody escapes, not even the highest-placed. The South African wife of a ranking official in the Israeli Foreign Ministry had to take to an *ulpan* though she could get along well enough in Hebrew: her growing daughter was complaining that Mother was embarrassing her before friends with "so many mistakes and her funny accent."

HEBREW'S CONQUEST of Israel was not the irresistible and inevitable march it may now seem to have been. Formidable opposition came from unexpected quarters. Theodor Herzl, who galvanized the World Zionist movement, spoke no Hebrew. He thought *German* might well be the appropriate tongue for a Jewish Palestine! Although he saw the need to create a homeland for persecuted Jewry, he failed entirely to realize that the ancient heritages of history, culture and language had to be mobilized too. "How shall we speak with each other?" he asked in "*Der Judenstaat*," which foresaw a Jewish state. "We certainly," he answered, "will not speak Hebrew."

The first Zionist Congresses in Basle which Herzl called in 1897 and the next ensuing years spoke German as a matter of course. The minutes kept a detailed account of such orations. But when Palestinian delegates ventured into Hebrew, the minutes merely noted curtly that "the speaker spoke in Hebrew," and what they said was lost to the record. For Herzl and many of his colleagues, the possibility of Hebrew's revival had as much substance as a fairy tale.

Even some early advocates of written Hebrew felt their cause was dying. Toward the close of the 18th century, modern European culture had begun to reach the Jews of Eastern Europe through the *Haskala* ("Enlightenment"). Leaders of this movement,

writing in Hebrew because it was the only language the Jewish intelligentsia everywhere possessed in common, produced novels, poetry, dramas and even newspapers. They began to purify Hebrew by scrapping the ungrammatical Rabbinic style of the Middle Ages and reverting to the simple austerity of the Bible.

But 19th-century Europe saw enormous strides in language and cultural richness. The Hebraists could not keep pace. At best, Hebrew appealed mainly to the intellectuals. The masses were more at ease with Yiddish, which had by then developed a sizable literature of its own, while intellectuals avid to absorb the growing culture of the Continent could turn directly to Russian and other European languages. It was a desperate hour for Hebrew writers in a shrinking circle of Hebrew readers. The poet Yehuda Leib Gordon, around 1875, expressed the futility which was setting in:

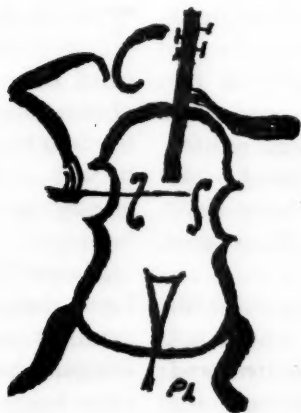
Who can see the future, who can tell
If I am not the last of Zion's bards

And you the last to read the Hebrew
word!

As for *speaking* Hebrew, even the writers of the language—including editors of Hebrew newspapers—derided the idea as not only impractical but undesirable.

In the full tide of this dejection, however, and well before political Zionism set sail, the prophetic voice of one solitary man was heard proclaiming that Hebrew must and would be the language of a restored Jewish people in a restored Jewish land. It is to the undying credit of an obscure, 22-year-old Lithuanian student in Paris named Eliezer Perlman (later changed to Ben Yehuda) that he saw the need to create a modern Hebrew—inspired by the same spirit of nationalism which had already liberated other oppressed European peoples—as the *sole* basic means of communication in a national Jewish homeland.

(The second and concluding part of this article will appear in the next issue.)



Bringing "The Wall" to the Stage

By MILLARD LAMPELL

IT WAS SOMETIME early in the winter of 1958, when I began to explore the possibility of writing a play based upon John Hersey's novel, *The Wall*. I had read the book when it first appeared in 1950, and found it a shattering and strangely tender work. Yet I approached the prospect of turning it into a play with considerable doubt.

To begin with, I had never written a play before. And if ever a novel was designed to scare even the most battle-scarred playwright, *The Wall* was it. The book is a vast tapestry running more than six hundred pages. It covers a span of almost four turbulent years, shifts scene to a hundred locales, introduces more than fifty vivid and significant characters, and invokes several of the most crucial moral issues of our time. It was as though one had decided to try one's hand at sculpting, and chose the Himalayas for a first chunk of stone.

One serious doubt concerned the matter of working with someone else's material. I had, before then, written cantatas, poems and a number of books and films. Good or bad, every word of them had sprung out of my own emotions.

To simply transfer intact a small bit of *The Wall* to the stage would not have interested me as a writer, and would have done bitter violence to the novel. The story of the Warsaw Ghetto was inextricably woven across an arc of time. To attempt to cram it into

a day, a week, would be to distort it completely. Also, a major character of the event was the Ghetto itself—that raucous, teeming, funny, tragic, furiously alive community beating like surf against its prison wall. To try to compress it within a single room would cripple what was profoundly significant: the *size* of what took place.

I hadn't the foggiest notion of how I would approach the form of the play, but I knew that I had to be free to experiment, try anything, change, transform, create as I chose. A play is an intricate mechanism and has its own inner logic. I remember William Gibson warning me, "A novel is like taking a walk. You can explore side alleys, stop to think, double back. But a play is like a plane ride. If you stop before your destination, you're dead."

THIS DILEMMA was solved very simply by Hersey himself. Once he decided that we shared the same point of view about life, he offered me the freedom to work as I chose, supporting it with a decision not to read the manuscript or see the play until opening night.

I began by rereading the book twice. I was shaken by the immensity of the events it portrayed. It was small consolation that I need not hew to the story, scene by scene. I was responsible for trying to capture its spirit. And beyond that, as Hersey had been, I was responsible to the people who had

played out that terrible hour in history.

I turned back to the documents and records. Perhaps no crucial time was ever so painstakingly recorded by its participants. The Jews of Warsaw seem to have been obsessed by the thought that they might be wiped off the face of the earth, and no one would ever know how it happened. And the truth is that while it was going on, the world did not know. Checking back, I discovered that even during the final days of resistance, only a fragile echo filtered outside the wall: a few words over the London radio, a line or two buried in the back pages of one, *exactly one* New York newspaper.

But the Jews of Warsaw had left behind them an immense cache of diaries, letters, notes. After the war, bit by bit, they began to come to light from under the stones of prison cells, from hiding places beneath the charred ruins. There were the monumental, incredibly detailed archives of the historian, Emanuel Ringelblum, dug up in their sealed, rubberized milk cans. They contained everything from Ghetto newspapers and concert programs, to collections of jokes going the rounds, simple yet haunting statistics, and private ironies (the code name for Hitler was Horowitz).

And not least of all, there were the meticulous records of the Germans. Military correspondence, orders of the day, laws and regulations. It was the files of the Nazi commandant charged with leveling the Ghetto, SS General Stroop, that provided the most detailed portrait of the Jewish resistance. This same Stroop had his teams of combat photographers prepare an elaborate volume of pictures of the battle of the Ghetto—photostatic copies of which are now in Warsaw, Tel Aviv and New York. After examining these records at Nuremberg, Justice Jackson said, "This is

the greatest memorial to the courage of the Jews."

For months, I pored over these diaries and documents, children's poems, mementoes, stained snapshots rescued from God knows what piles of clothing.

History has its own peculiar eyesight. It concerns itself with what is unique. And what was unique in Warsaw was the scope of man's inhumanity to man. So mostly the familiar details of ordinary life were passed over in the desperate haste of setting down the story of annihilation. I finished my research with an overwhelming sense of ashes and agony.

AT THIS POINT, I was almost persuaded to drop the project. I am a writer chiefly concerned with life, not death. Most of today's talented artists are occupied with presenting an image of man as a helpless victim, blind and isolated, groping his way along as he waits for fate to drop its load of bricks on his head. I do not deny that this is a truth of our time. But it is only one truth. There are others. There is humor, and indomitable hope, and the rare, exultant moment when man finally reaches out to embrace a fellow man. I am not talking of fake heroics. I am talking of men as we know them—greedy, frightened, foolish, contradictory, uncertain, despairing, and yet in spite of it all, stumbling toward some dignity.

Well, that was what I simply lost track of in the ruins. Amidst all the wreckage of the destroyed Ghetto, I simply could not recognize human life as I knew it.

My original purpose in writing the play was to write something more than the story of Warsaw's Jewry. For I believe that this was a moment in history when the Jews of Warsaw spoke for all mankind. I had no desire to romanticize them, or to do any special

pleading. That would be an insult. I simply wished to present them as I believe they were—tragic, jealous, warm, frightened, tormented, cruel, courageous—in short, a mirror of the human race with all its failings and all its astonishing potential.

A number of questions haunted me. Of the more than half a million Jews in Warsaw, no more than six hundred actually joined the resistance. Why did so few fight, and why did they wait so long to take up arms? What was the significance of the bitter role played by the Jewish police and the Jewish Gestapo informers? And finally, the universal question—perhaps *the* question of our time—under what conditions does man abandon his individual drive for self-protection, and commit himself to his fellow-man?

I knew that I could only find the answers by crossing to the other side of the wall, and settling down to live within the Ghetto; by attempting to experience life as it was lived in Warsaw, 1940.

There is no today that is not shaped by yesterdays. I was born in New Jersey, of Austrian immigrant stock. I had never been in Poland, and knew virtually nothing of the culture and traditions of Warsaw Jewry. And so I plunged into that vast, rich sea, reading Peretz and Sholem Aleichem, Mendele Mocher Seforim, collections of Yiddish proverbs, folk tales and songs, and all that I could find of the modern writers of Vilna, Bialystok, Lublin and Warsaw. A year before, I had been barely familiar with three or four Yiddish and Hebrew writers. Now I delved into the work of Sutzkever and Katznelson, the poet laureate of the Jewish resistance.

IT WAS at this point that someone called to tell me that a former commander of the Ghetto Fighters Organ-

ization was in New York for a brief visit. His name was Yitzchak Zukerman; his underground name had been Captain Antek.

Late the next afternoon, I found myself outside a room in a hotel on the West Side. I knocked, and the door was opened by a tall, shaggy man with a blonde moustache and blue eyes. Antek.

We struggled through introductions in broken bits of three languages. He was polite but guarded. Clearly he had had some uncomfortable experiences with writers seeking a romantic melodrama, a fairy tale of glory. Hersey's book served as preliminary credentials. But Antek had to find out for himself who I was, and what I was really after.

Slowly, through the following weeks, he probed, questioned, watched me with those blue, appraising eyes. Bit by bit, the door between us opened on friendship. He came home to meet my family, to wiggle his ears for my enchanted daughter, to pull out a fistful of photographs of his own two sturdy, sunburned children and his small, indomitable wife, Zivia, who had led a fighting group in the Ghetto.

"Yes, the women were the strongest. It is not a pleasant thing for men to admit, but it is so. Women are realistic, they must learn to live with the simple details of life, to adjust, to prepare for the worst. Sometimes a sudden wind can crack a cedar, but the grass bends and survives. The women were like grass." Antek grinned. "You can see that I love women."

He was so full of life. His laugh was huge, and his talk could turn from Tolstoy to the grape harvest, from the morning news to the psalms of David.

Talking of the resistance, I remember him saying, "If you look back at the height of the fighting, what we did seems incredible. But you must remember that it was a process. It took years to develop." His eyes twinkled. "We

were young, remember. We were prepared, we had an idea, and we were very young. I was twenty-three. A wonderful age to do stupid things."

And another night, as we sat around listening to Bessie Smith sing the blues, Antek abruptly leaned forward and asked me, "Would you believe that in the worst days, when everything was burning, when we were hiding away in the bunkers, we drank and laughed, argued and sang, kissed in the shadows? You must know that, if you wish to write about the Ghetto."

After the weeks we spent together, whenever I thought of the Warsaw Ghetto, I thought first of Antek. Warsaw's Jews were a far cry from the meek, introspective world of Sholem Aleichem's towns. These were not quaint, mystical people. They were tough, resilient, independent, energetic. An outgoing and passionate community—curious, restless, sharp and vocal. There was a tenement peevishness and a tenement exuberance. A life painted in bold colors. A life mirrored perfectly in their humor. Their wry, sardonic, bitter-sweet mockery of themselves. They did not tell jokes just to be funny. It was also a way of putting the harsh reality of their lives into a shape that was easier to deal with.

And there was something that bound them all together. A folk memory, a culture, a common historical experience. However much they rebelled against it, history had made them a family. And this tended to heighten emotions and relationships, to give them a certain swift recognition of each others' characters, a sensitivity to subtle shifts of mood. They struggled against the ties, but they were inescapably bound to each other.

A family. With a family's feuds and hatreds, and a family's fierce loyalties. Perhaps from this it is possible to understand how they could have perpe-

trated upon each other the most savage cruelties and also the most tender love. They reflected all mankind, a little larger than life.

LATER I WAS to meet two other Ghetto fighters. One was a woman named Chana Fryshdorf, and one was Antek's wife, Zivia—three of the fourteen still alive—all that is left of the six hundred Jews who stood off a German army with a few pistols and some bottles of gasoline.

In one way, all three survivors were the same. They were brimmingly, marvelously alive.

Half a million Warsaw Jews were exterminated. And yet, my sharpest image of the Ghetto became one not of death, but of stubborn life. The grim, anonymous figures in the ashes vanished. I saw Antek, Zivia, Chana—myself, my family, my friends—actual and ordinary people who laughed, squabbled, fell in love, were terrified, tender, ridiculous.

With all this inside me, I began to shape the characters for the play, and to place inside them the spirit of the Ghetto and its philosophical questions.

In drawing Rachel, I held close to Hersey's strong, plain "little mother," a fully committed woman who was capable of giving faith and love to those around her.

With Berson, I chose to reflect something that was perhaps only a shadow in Hersey's character: a defensive wariness of committing himself. My Berson became two men, one of them crouched and hiding inside the other. Like so many men of the western world, he considers himself incapable of fully loving. His first article of faith is personal survival. It is only in crisis, when Berson is forced to act swiftly, that something else flashes to the surface, a realization of his need of others. This shakes him, he feels he cannot live up

to the responsibility, and so he flees the Ghetto. But his flight is already too late. His identity already depends on others—chiefly Rachel. When he finally returns to the Ghetto, in the midst of the fighting, he explains, "I always thought that just to live was enough. To live *how*? To live *with whom*?"

Into the character of Shpunt, the peddler, I poured elements from a number of Hersey's characters, plus a taste of my mother's indomitable, shrewd pessimism. All his life, Shpunt has been a cart-horse, sweating for his daily bread. He is a living embodiment of folk experience, the Eternal Jew, hungry, leathery, determined to survive, whatever the cost. All his life he has been at the beck and call of others, which is what makes him so touchy. He is canny, overworked, realistic, a poor man, who cannot afford the luxury of romanticising life. He loves to haggle and argue, but he has none of the icy emotions: cruelty, malice, calculated hatred. He has the spontaneous irritation of a man who since childhood has always been forced to carry something heavy. The actual crates, bundles, packages and chairs are symbols of an eternal load: being a Jew in the world of Poland.

He has an instinctive, furious loyalty, not to individuals or even to God, but to a heritage of endurance. He is like an alley-cat—however violently you fling him down, he will land on his feet.

He is dour and pessimistic because he has learned that if one prepares for the worst, one will be ready for whatever comes. His gruff complaints conceal a grudging love for any Jew who resists.

Endurance, endurance. Shpunt admires, above all, endurance. And he himself will endure, as a folk tale endures, misshapen by being handed down and pushed around, all sharp

edges and queer corners, but defiantly and unashamedly thrusting his face at the world and hooting his bitter complaints.

But he is also, remember, the grandson of Hassidim, a poetic, ecstatic sect. And so there is something light and gay in his singing and dancing. A sort of Sabbath face that pops out now and then. For as the Hassidim said: "The Jewish people are an enchanted prince who has been turned into a dog, and leads a dog's life on week days, but reverts to his joyous self on the Sabbath."

The thread that bound all my characters, and provided the chief dramatic suspense of the play was a question. How long will it take them to believe that the Nazis mean to exterminate them? And a twin question. When they believe they are marked to die, will they resist?

REMEMBER sitting in Central Park one sunny winter afternoon with one of the few surviving Ghetto fighters. She suddenly turned to me, and in a tormented voice said softly, "This will be an eternal mystery—why didn't we resist when they began to resettle us" (I was later to place these exact words in the mouth of Rachel.)

A volume might be written on these two questions. Certainly, the population of the Warsaw Ghetto did not believe the first reports of the gas chambers. The first man to escape from a death train and return with a description of Treblinka became a pariah in the Ghetto. His friends shunned him, he was refused work, branded as a lunatic.

In the early days, I am convinced, the refusal to believe the Nazi policy of annihilation was rooted in a life wish. Man wishes to survive, and so he discounts the possibility of imminent death. He thinks: something will

happen, I will be saved somehow. And another powerful human characteristic was at work: resistance to change. The desire to continue life as usual, to find comfort in the familiar. To accept the gas chambers as a reality, meant, if Warsaw's Jews were to follow any logic, completely changing one's way of life. Joining the resistance meant moving out of one's apartment, going into hiding, training one's self to kill, and to die if necessary.

Resistance is a process, as Antek said. Those who fought in the Warsaw Ghetto were mostly those who were already members of illegal organizations. In the later days, there were many young people who finally understood what was happening, and wanted to join the resistance. But by then, it was too late. There were simply no arms, food or hiding places for them.

The main body of the Jewish Fighters Organization was composed of those who, from their early years on, had been joiners. Zionists, Socialists, members of political groups tinged with every color of the rainbow. They were not "loners," each making his isolated way. They were the committed. Their faith in man was stronger than their awe of machines. They had learned, back in the thirties, the power of a dedicated and skilled bare hand.

From a study of the documents, one gains a sick respect for the psychological insight of the Nazis. They understood the human will to survive, and the delusions that can spring from it. With every pound of death, they portioned out a teaspoonful of hope. The placards announcing deportations always started by listing those who were to be exempt. Forged postcards were sent back from

the imaginary "factories on the Eastern front" announcing to friends and relatives that the deportees were safe and happy.

And the Nazis also understood the numbing and demoralizing impact of surprise. They were forever establishing certain routines, and then suddenly changing them for no reason. One day only women were taken for deportation. The next day, only children. One month, the house raids ended at twilight. The next month, they suddenly began to occur at night. The Germans carefully exploited the terror of the unexpected. They also used the terror of abrupt, senseless violence. Quite early in the occupation days there were incidents of meaningless slaughter. These were deliberately calculated to unnerve the Jewish population. And they had their effect.

As much of this as I could, I sought to capture in my play. It explains a good deal of why the Jews took so long to organize resistance.

Yet, at long last, resistance there was. And more than just Warsaw. Resistance in Lublin, resistance even in the crematorium of Treblinka.

Out of all the horror of Hitler Europe, it is this that to me emerged as the most significant fact. A handful of Jews exposed the fullest potential of the human race. To resist death. To trust one another. To commit themselves. To endure.

And so this became virtually the final speech of my play: Rachel praying that she is pregnant, and answering Berson's doubts about the future with, ". . . the only way to answer death is with more life."

A Historical Parallel

By BEN HALPERN

THE POLITICAL VICTORIES of the Zionists in the First World War brought them face to face with the real dimensions and character of a problem they had only considered imaginatively theretofore: how to carry out the transfer of the mass of Jews to their national home after the prerequisite recognition under international law had been achieved. Eastern Jews, who felt directly both the great pressure and the high enthusiasm for mass immigration in their own community — a community ravaged and uprooted by the war and then subjected to massacre, pillage, and humiliation in the postwar period — expected this population movement to be undertaken at once, and on a large enough scale to make its successful conclusion a reasonable goal for tactical, not only for strategic, planning. The same attitude was shared by such Herzlian Zionists as Nordau and Jabotinsky. The theory of these men provided for only two major stages in the Zionist strategy: (1) an opening campaign for the major indispensable means — international recognition of the Jewish claim to Palestine, and (2) a closing campaign for the ma-

jor significant end — the solution of the problem of the Jews by a rapid, massive migration to Palestine and evacuation of anti-Semitic plague spots in Europe. Men with such expectations and theories could not be satisfied with the actual tactical situation of Zionism as it revealed itself in the early postwar period. For the immediate political effect of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate was not sufficient to make a mass immigration possible, nor were the economic conditions of Palestine or the organized power of the Jewish people adequate for such a task to be undertaken at once.

As a result, a series of tactical disputes broke out, roughly speaking, between Easterners and Westerners in the Zionist Organization. The first insisted that the mass migration should be undertaken at once and the obstacles inherent in the actual legal, economic, and organizational position should be cleared by direct assault. The latter argued that further progress must be planned in terms of existing possibilities, and hence the present must be regarded as perhaps an intermediate and not final stage in the development of

The following essay is part of *The Idea of the Jewish State* by BEN HALPERN which will be published this winter by the Harvard University Press. (Copyright ©1960 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.) This essay is of special interest today in view of the controversy regarding the future of the Zionist Movement after the establishment of the State of Israel. There are interesting parallels in this regard between the situation today and that following World War I. At that time the World Zionist Movement entered a new phase in its development as a result of the establishment of Palestine as a mandated territory with internationally recognized provisions for the political rights of the Jewish people in Palestine. Today the controversy about the future of the Zionist Movement and the role of non-Zionist sympathizers with Israel is an outgrowth of the further political advance which was marked by the emergence of Israel. Students of this problem may find guidance in the history of the formation of the enlarged Jewish Agency and its later development.

the Zionist strategy. In the course of this debate, extreme positions, first advocated by Max Nordau and Louis D. Brandeis, were rejected and an intermediate position, advocated by Weizmann, was adopted. The argument revolved in part about the idea of an extended Jewish Agency, which was one of the characteristic achievements of Weizmann's approach to Zionism.

At the first major international conference of Zionists after World War I, the London Conference of 1920, Max Nordau demanded a strenuous effort to overcome the restricted interpretation which was already being given to the terms of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate. He proposed to regard the relations between the Jews and Britain as a clear alliance of interests, a compact in which the Jews had undertaken to create pro-Allied opinion during the war and to protect the Suez Canal from its eastward side in the postwar period. The first part of the compact had been kept. Now it remained for Britain to do its share by opening the doors of Palestine without restriction and giving effective aid to the immediate resettlement of six hundred thousand Jews. In this way a Jewish majority would be established rapidly, before Arab claims became pressing, and the Anglo-Jewish alliance could then be implemented fully by a Jewish State. Thus, in Nordau's view, the tactics of Zionism must now be to reopen the political question and drive through to a new formula that would give a legal and political basis for immediate mass immigration and the quick conversion of Palestine into a Jewish State.

In contrast, Brandeis said, "The work of the great Herzl was completed at San Remo . . . (The nations of the world) have done all that they could do. The rest lies with us." He, too, felt that it was necessary "to populate Palestine

within a comparatively short time with a preponderating body of manly, self-supporting Jews." Brandeis had been initiated into Zionism by a devotee of Herzlianism, Jacob De Haas, and indoctrinated with the view that prewar Practical Zionism was a relapse into the "infiltration" methods of the Hovevei-Zion. He had submitted to the Eleventh Zionist Congress proposals which revealed a bent for large-scale action based on clear political foundations. But, since he believed that "the San Remo decision together with the appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel provides the open door," he regarded the task of the Zionist Organization as one of economics and engineering alone, of raising funds in the Diaspora and investing them constructively in Palestine. This was not, moreover, a task that could conceivably be begun by a mass migration of half a million and crowned in a very short time by the creation of a Jewish state. For essential preliminary activities in the Diaspora and in Palestine alike — widening the Zionist Organization and increasing its fund-raising capacity, purchasing land and clearing it of malaria, and training Jewish immigrants in trades that could make them self-supporting — clearly involved a comparatively lengthy transition period between the political victory of San Remo and the political consummation of the Jewish Commonwealth. In that period, according to Brandeis' prescription, the Zionist Organization was to disappear as a political organ. The idea of Jewish sovereignty which it had embodied was to lapse until revived in the Jewish state.

AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE, Weizmann had no great difficulty in beating off whatever challenge Nordau's plan presented. Nordau had long been a lonely figure and came to the Conference with an avowed determina-

tion, long maintained, that he would *not* be involved in any position of specific responsibility in the movement. Moreover, in the conditions which prevailed in 1920, no strong representation of Eastern Europe or of the Palestine settlers was possible at the Conference. The rejection of Brandeis' proposals, on the other hand, was a painful and difficult procedure at London, and later led to even more damaging conflicts in America. Yet, ideologically considered, it was the position Nordau took that presented the more serious challenge to Weizmann in the ensuing years, and which had to be fought in order to lay the groundwork for the Jewish Agency. As for Brandeis' position, while Weizmann opposed the specific reorganization plan the American leader proposed, his own "synthetic Zionism" and above all, his own conception of an extended Jewish Agency were very close in their ideological assumptions to those of his opponent.

The crux of the conflict with Brandeis was not over major strategy or over the major principles of Zionist tactics, but over the specific organizational reforms that the American leader proposed. Since the political era of the World Zionist Organization was over, Brandeis argued, whatever legal questions might still arise in the course of achieving a Jewish preponderance in Palestine should be handled by the Jewish community in Palestine through such representative institutions as the Mandatory government would set up there. The political leaders of Zionism — with the exception of Weizmann and Sokolow — should retire from Palestine affairs and go back and build stronger Zionist Federations in the Diaspora, so that funds for necessary projects which could yield no return would be donated in greater amounts. The work in the Diaspora, too, should have no political flavor, and should be

related strictly to constructive efforts in Palestine. As a consequence of these conclusions, Brandeis recommended that in Palestine the Zionist Organization should be headed by a group of experts in specific fields such as public health, agriculture, and industry, who should be chosen without reference to ideological commitments other than their willingness to work on the legal basis of the Mandate. And in the Diaspora, all Jews who were prepared to work for Palestine on this same basis should simply enter the Zionist Organization.

Brandeis' proposals were accompanied by rather insulting suggestions about some of the old leaders of the Zionist movement — such as proposing to establish a pension fund for them so that they could be more easily removed from active duty — which in themselves were enough to make the plan impossible for a leader who, like Weizmann, was concerned to keep the confidence of the movement throughout the world. It also involved some unreal assumptions about the representative structures to be set up by the British for the whole population of Palestine through which the Jewish community could defend the legal claims of the Jewish people under the Mandate, when necessary. No one knew better than Weizmann how arduous the defense of these legal claims already had been and still was in spite of the victory of San Remo — a victory which he too rated very high. He was hardly likely to abandon the existing machinery for a new machinery that did not yet exist.

A PART FROM THIS, however, Weizmann could not meet Brandeis on common grounds because of an underlying ideological — or, to be more precise, mythic — divergence regarding the relation of the Zionist movement to the Jewish people. For Weizmann, a dis-

ciple of Ahad Ha'am and an Easterner with the instincts of the "ghetto" bred in his bone, the united will and consensus of the Jewish people was, after all, more fundamental than any legal principle or economic achievement. The one indispensable achievement of Zionism had been to arouse this will and form this consensus, to give them a crystallized expression, mythic in the depth and significance of its effect, through the embodiment of Jewish sovereignty in the Zionist movement. What gave Weizmann assurance in all his encounters with British statesmen before the Balfour Declaration was his conviction that he spoke "for those masses who have a will to live a life of their own." Even after the political victory of San Remo, he was well aware of the political dangers, just as, later, after years of constructive endeavor, he could still doubt whether the positions that had been won were enough to assure that a Jewish majority in Palestine would ever be attained under the Mandate. But an underlying faith was implied in Weizmann's skepticism. If the achievement of Zionism might be imperfect in his generation, all the more reason to strengthen the will to sovereignty in the people so that, if necessary, it might live on to seek new forms beyond the limitations imposed upon it by the conditions of the time. A major function of the Zionist Organization, then, must always be to express and perpetuate the will of the Jewish people to be master of its own destiny.

With deep-lying, barely formulated assumptions such as these, Weizmann, the "man of Pinsk," reacted instinctively and not only by calculation against a proposal which, like Brandeis', contemplated a lapse in the embodiment by the Zionist Organization of the principle of Jewish sovereignty. Neither the Zionist organization in Diaspora countries nor the Zionist

work in Palestine could be conceived by him as completely determined in their scope and outlines by the legal limits of the Mandate or the economic limits of the day-to-day situation in Palestine. The need of the Jews in the East and their will to sovereignty in Palestine were dynamic forces capable of transforming the existing situation, and it was the primary function of the Zionist Organization to give expression to these forces.

It follows that Weizmann could not take the same view as Brandeis about the proper method for bringing into the work either experts or the wider public that had not previously been identified with the Zionist idea. He, too, felt that the Zionist political aim, in the intermediate phase that then began, was not to achieve new legal guarantees but to defend the existing ones, while the major emphasis must be laid on constructive work in the economic field. Success in this would secure the ultimate political destiny of the Jewish national home far more directly than would any political efforts. And for success in the constructive tasks that faced Zionism under the Mandate, the cooperation on a broad scale of men and agencies not previously connected with the Organization was vitally needed. In all this, he agreed with Brandeis. However, as one who thought of the Zionist Organization as still essentially the organ of an ideological consensus expressing the myth of Jewish national auto-Emancipation, Weizmann could not propose, as did Brandeis, that non-Zionists who rejected that myth should enter the Organization on the purely formal basis of the definitions laid down in the Mandate. Instead Weizmann favored an agreement between non-Zionist leaders and organizations and the World Zionist Organization in which both should assume equally the responsibilities pro-

vided for the Jewish Agency under the Mandate.

In such an association the Zionist Organization would continue to exist as an ideological organization expressing a will to sovereignty derived from sources more fundamental than the letter of the Mandate. A similar advantage, moreover, would be available to the non-Zionists. For, by entering into a partnership with the Zionists in which each partner retained his separate identity, the non-Zionists could clearly indicate that their cooperation on the legal basis of the Mandate did not commit them to any ideas about the broader implications of that document, in its ultimate fulfillment, such as had always been associated with the Zionist movement.

It turned out, indeed, that the non-Zionists were as much impressed by the advantages to themselves of a looser association as was Weizmann on behalf of the Zionists, and they showed themselves more ready to cooperate on his terms than on Brandeis'. To be sure, working out the provisions of such an agreement meant more specific and protracted negotiations than might have been involved in simply opening the doors of the Zionist Organization on the basis of the Mandate as the final political definition of the Zionist aim. But it was also more effective, perhaps, in winning a broad consensus of the entire Jewish community, especially in the West, in favor of the work in Palestine.

THE NEGOTIATIONS for the creation of an "extended Jewish Agency" were carried out by Weizmann over a period of many years in two separate encounters: with his own Zionist friends at the Congress and inter-Congress conferences and with the non-Zionists in continual formal and informal discussions. The negotiations

with the non-Zionists went forward in successive phases, taking their departure from the successive resolutions Weizmann was able to obtain at the Zionist conclaves.

The difficulty Weizmann faced at first was not so much the natural suspicion of Zionists when one proposed cooperating with men who had only recently distinguished themselves by their anti-Zionism; though this suspicion was expressed, too. The major obstacle was the desire of Eastern Zionists, for quite different reasons than Brandeis', to establish a single body in which Zionists and non-Zionists would give up their separate organized identities. While Brandeis had hoped to open the doors of the Zionist Organization by dropping its political functions, the Eastern Zionists intended to bring all Jewry into a world-wide organ of Jewish political activity. Such a body, exercising popular authority more fully and more formally than could the Zionist avant-garde, would make itself responsible for achieving the goal of Zionism, among other national tasks. It would be based, moreover, on the democratic organization of Jewish communities throughout the postwar world. To be sure, those who supported this view expected that some of the very leaders of Western Jewry with whom Weizmann was negotiating would exclude themselves from the projected organs of Jewish autonomy. But they expected to be more than compensated for this loss by the massive power of an all-inclusive, self-taxing, representative body of world Jewry.

At the Congress which followed the 1920 London Conference, taking place at Carlsbad from September 1-14, 1921, this point of view was reflected in a resolution which provided that:

The Congress recommends to the Actions Committee to take the necessary steps, in agreement with the

Executive of the American Jewish Congress, the Vaad Leumi of Palestine and other democratic Jewish organizations, for the convocation of a World Jewish Congress whose task it should be to organize all forces in the Jewish people for the upbuilding of Palestine as well as for the struggle for national rights in the various countries.

This resolution, it should be noted, was not an outright decision but a recommendation of the Congress. Instead of adopting it definitively, the Congress referred it to the Executive for consideration jointly with the Actions Committee, the Zionist council intermediate between the Congress and the Executive. If it had been definitively adopted, it would have meant a decision to hand over the powers of the Jewish Agency under the Mandate to a worldwide Jewish authority in which Zionists and non-Zionists would merge, according to the Easterners' conception; not to a partnership, in which Zionists and non-Zionists would retain their separate identities, as Weizmann had proposed. But precisely because this would have been the implication, the Congress framed its resolution in the form of a recommendation to be further considered. Another resolution, adopted in a form that called for immediate implementation, was more in accord with Weizmann's approach. It provided that:

The Zionist Congress addresses itself to the whole Jewish people with the demand that it lay the foundations for the upbuilding of the Jewish National Home in Eretz Israel through the Palestine Foundation Fund (Keren Hayesod) and so establish the Keren Hayesod as a general Jewish fund.

Here, too, the myth of Jewish popular sovereignty found expression. The

resolution included provisions for assessing Jewish incomes and property, and proposed to tithe Jews for the benefit of Palestine, in a traditional form of Jewish self-taxation. Moreover, the "non-Zionist" participation in the proposed "general Jewish fund" was to be based on individual contributions and on representatives chosen by vote of all contributors, not on a negotiated partnership with non-Zionist organizations. But a more realistic appreciation of the nature of this fund was implied in the provision that its Board of Directors should be constituted on terms of parity by nominees of the Zionist Organization and of a Council chosen by all contributors to the Keren Hayesod. The latter constituency was expected to include a considerable number of Jews who were not willing to join the Zionist Organization. In actuality, no Council could be organized and the Keren Hayesod remained completely under the World Zionist Organization's control; but, at the same time, it did attract general support from the beginning, and included prominent non-Zionists in its leadership.

In any case, the Keren Hayesod could have represented the partnership with non-Zionists sought by Weizmann only in form, not in substance. The fund became essentially a collecting not a disbursing agency, and its influence on the actual construction of the Jewish national home was therefore indirect and relatively small. Cooperation on the scale and of the kind Weizmann wanted could not be achieved without drawing non-Zionists far more fully into the direct responsibility for work in Palestine. The next Congress (following a similar decision of the Actions Committee earlier in the year) went a step further towards this aim, but still held to the more far-reaching ideal of a World Jewish Congress.

THE THIRTEENTH ZIONIST CONGRESS, held in Carlsbad on August 6-18, 1923, adopted a resolution which provided: first, that the Executive was to make earnest efforts to set up a World Jewish Congress within three years and transfer to it the responsibilities of the Jewish Agency under Article 4 of the Palestine Mandate (note that Jewish national rights in the Diaspora were no longer mentioned); second, that in the meantime the Jewish Agency was to be enlarged by adding representatives of those Jewish organizations that accepted the legal basis of the Palestine Mandate. A Labor proposal that the non-Zionist representatives be "primarily" selected from the representatives of contributors to the Keren Hayesod was evaded by the device of referring it to the Executive, for it was feared such a proposal would prejudice negotiations with non-Zionist organizations. Thus, Weizmann was granted authority to go ahead immediately with his own program of a partnership with the non-Zionists on condition that he would work for the creation at a later date of a sovereign body directly representing the people as an integral entity.

The Actions Committee and Congress resolutions of 1923 led at once to serious negotiations with non-Zionists, but it took six years to arrive at all the agreements and to clear up all the preliminary questions involved in the final establishment of the enlarged Jewish Agency. Not only did the preliminary conditions of the non-Zionists have to be met by Weizmann, but, through him, the non-Zionists had to be brought to accept the preliminary conditions of those factions in the Zionist Congress without whose support the idea of the enlarged Jewish Agency could not be approved.

Such support was won when Weizmann succeeded in weaning away some of his opponents, particularly the La-

bor Zionists, from the notion that the enlarged Jewish Agency must serve as a direct expression of the idea of Jewish sovereignty. This view, which was held by most Zionists, and particularly Eastern Zionists, in the early twenties really comprised three logically separable attitudes. Involved in it were the beliefs that Weizmann's policy of compromise hampered not only (1), the rapid immigration of Jews, but also (2), the conversion of the Balfour Declaration into the full-fledged political victory envisioned by Herzl, as well as (3), the creation of a fully active national consensus of the Jews, expressed through a democratically representative body. These were three attitudes shared broadly by all of Weizmann's opponents at first. But when each of them was made primary by a distinct partisan group, they turned out to be mutually antagonistic. Consequently, it became possible for Weizmann to find allies among his erstwhile opponents.

For the Revisionists and others whose primary concern was to turn the Mandate into a complete rather than partial political victory, the idea of a World Jewish Congress was important as a symbol. It indicated that the Jewish people throughout the world, and not only the local Jewish community in the country, had a claim to Palestine. On the other hand, if the union of all Jews in the Jewish Agency had to be achieved by suppressing the political claim of a Jewish state and resting content with an intermediate status which only allowed the community in Palestine to grow, because non-Zionists would subscribe to no more than this, then the Revisionists would repudiate such a union. Their basic ideological commitment was neither to the project of a World Jewish Congress nor to the autonomy of the Palestinian community as such, though both symbol-

ized the idea of Jewish sovereignty which was the central value of their ideology. They were primarily committed to the Jewish state, as the full realization of Jewish sovereignty. They were interested in a World Jewish Congress, even in the Zionist Congress itself or in the Jewish community in Palestine, only, if these bodies were dedicated to the direct political struggle for achieving the State as their immediate tactical objective.

A SECOND GROUP, represented, for example, by the Radical Party organized by Eastern European Zionists, was interested in a World Jewish Congress per se, as a direct expression of the idea of Jewish national authority. As Zionists they desired, of course, a more definite political victory in Palestine and were concerned with the growth of the community there, but neither of these was for them the primary and immediate, indispensable tactical object to which the Jewish people should devote itself. That objective was none other than the democratic organization of the whole Jewish people throughout the world in a body giving direct expression to its united will. The World Jewish Congress, once organized, would of course devote itself to the realization of the national home promised to the Jews under the Mandate as well as to the realization of national minority rights for Jews in Eastern and Southern Europe and to all other positive, cultural and political, national aims of the Jews who sought to preserve themselves as a distinct nationality. With such a view, in which a democratically organized World Jewish Congress as the direct expression of the national will was a primary and essential element, this group was naturally as determined as the Revisionists in its opposition to the Weizmann conception of an enlarged Jewish Agency. For,

in order to meet the demands of non-Zionists, Weizmann was ready to discard symbols and procedures inherently related to a sovereign national assembly.

A third group, represented mainly by the Labor Zionist parties, saw as the primary, immediate tactical objective of Zionism the rapid immigration and settlement of Jewish workers in Palestine. Their strength included a large contingent of Eastern European young people, many of whom had crossed war-torn borders to enter Palestine, without regard to the policy of either the Zionist Organization or the Palestine Government, or who, though still in Europe, were desperately determined to immigrate. These were men and women who matured in the midst of traumatic conditions of revolution and counterrevolution in Eastern Europe, and whose urge toward Palestine was a deeply personal and emotional revulsion against a Jewish situation signalized by the postwar pogroms by Ukrainians and Poles. They were opposed to Weizmann's policies in the early years, because under the restricted interpretation of the Mandate which he accepted, the chances for rapid immigration too were restricted. This they blamed on the willingness of the Zionist leadership to compromise on the interpretation of the Mandate. Their natural sympathy was with those critics of Weizmann who demanded a firmer political line in Palestine and a form of organization of world Jewry that would directly and unambiguously express the idea of Jewish popular authority.

But, under the prewar Turkish regime, when political conditions had been far more unfavorable to immigration, Labor groups had still made immigration and settlement the primary and immediate tactical objective of their Zionism. Their disappointment

with the political status of the Mandate could not lead them, like the Revisionists, to disregard the growth of the Jewish community in Palestine until a more satisfactory status was won. When convinced by the passage of time that Zionism was indeed in an intermediate and not in the final stage of its political consummation, they were led into an alliance with Weizmann by their essential kinship with his point of view. If the enlarged Jewish Agency could muster new non-Zionist support for the growth of a stronger Jewish settlement on the basis of the existing intermediate status, they welcomed such an agreement.

Nor were they disposed to take an intransigent stand regarding the form of organization of the enlarged Jewish Agency. They shared the Eastern European mythic attachment to symbolisms of national sovereignty and to the procedures of representative democracy in the Zionist Organization, just as did, for that matter, Weizmann himself. But to extend this symbolism to all sections of the Jewish people, to set up a democratic World Jewish Congress working both for the Jewish state in Palestine and Jewish national minority rights in the Diaspora, did not seem to them, as it did to the Radical Party, to be the primary immediate objective. If the non-Zionists would add their strength to the enlarged Jewish Agency only on non-democratic terms or under definitions that obscured the symbolisms of national status involved in such an organization, this seemed to them of less importance than the anticipated accession of strength in the upbuilding of Palestine. For it was in the growing Jewish community in Palestine, and in its developing organs of self-rule that this group saw the main hope for the full realization of the will to Jewish sovereignty.

But before accepting the new partnership which Weizmann sought to negotiate, these men were particularly concerned to gain non-Zionist acceptance of the principles upon which the new Jewish community in Palestine was being built. For there was reason to expect that the rather unusual institutions of the Zionist-organized Jewish settlement would meet resistance from the non-Zionists. The long period which followed the decision of the Thirteenth Congress to proceed with formation of an enlarged Jewish Agency was devoted, accordingly, to the formulation and negotiation of specific demands made by Zionists on non-Zionists and by the non-Zionists on Zionists.

THE Fourteenth Zionist Congress was held in Vienna in August 1925. By that time preliminary conferences of non-Zionists in New York had set up a framework for detailed negotiations. The resolution adopted in Vienna no longer mentions either national minority rights in the Diaspora or a World Jewish Congress, but proceeds to outline specific conditions relating to the work in Palestine which the Zionists asked the non-Zionists to accept:

I. Recognizing that it is desirable to provide facilities for more effective co-operation between all Jews willing to take part in the work of reconstruction in Palestine and the establishment of the Jewish National Home, in the spirit of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate;

Considering that to this end it is expedient to broaden the basis of the Jewish Agency, and on the understanding that the activities of the Agency shall be based on the following inviolable principles, namely:

- (a) A continuous increase in the volume of Jewish immigration;

- (b) The redemption of the land as Jewish public property;
- (c) Agricultural colonization based on Jewish labor;
- (d) The Hebrew language and Hebrew culture;

The Congress declares as follows:

I. The Congress would view with favor the establishment of a Council of the enlarged Jewish Agency for Palestine under the following conditions:

(a) The Council of the Jewish Agency, which shall consist, when complete, of approximately 150 members, shall be composed, as to one-half, of representatives of the Zionist Organization, and as to the other half, of representatives of Jewish communities in various parts of the world.

(b) The method by which the various communities shall appoint their representatives shall in each case be settled by agreement in accordance

with local conditions, and shall, so far as possible, take the form of democratic elections . . .

In order to secure continuity in the political and other work of the Jewish Agency, the Congress directs the Executive to ensure the election of the President of the Zionist Organization as the President of the enlarged Jewish Agency.

It was four years after the Fourteenth Zionist Congress adopted the above resolution before the enlarged Jewish Agency came into being. The non-Zionists, with the aid of a Commission of Experts, minutely examined the principles upon which the Jewish resettlement was built before they agreed to be bound by them. The Zionists went through a series of bitter debates before they agreed to the final formulations. Notwithstanding long and tedious discussion of details and procedures, these formulations remained essentially what they had been in 1925.



The following is the introductory address delivered by ABBA EBAN before the International Conference on Science in the Advancement of New States, held in Rehovoth, Israel in August, 1960.

Science and National Liberation

By ABBA EBAN

NEVER IN HISTORY has any generation of men seen changes as vast as those which have swept across the life of our age. Transformations which are usually spread over centuries of time have been compressed within the scope of our own living memory. Two of these changes are of massive scale and headlong speed. They are exemplified in this place; and we are gathered here to study their interaction. One of them is the scientific revolution which has changed the course of man's life on earth. The other is the pageant of national liberation which has altered the very shape and structure of the international family.

Few of us here are too young to recall how the community of nations began to organize its corporate life at the end of the Second World War. Fifty-two sovereign states set their hands to the United Nations Charter at the Founding Conference in 1945. One quarter of the world's population then lived in colonies and dependent territories under the rule of imperial powers. Only three African States with an aggregate population of 30 million exercised political independence. In Asia great populations had just passed the threshold of sovereignty while others reached towards it in stronger hope.

Today, fifteen years later, the company of sovereign nations numbers more than eighty-two. In Asia the process of emancipation is almost complete. In Africa the family of independent states has grown from three to twenty. All but a few of the 230 million Africans have achieved their statehood or are negotiating for its attainment. Across the two continents which stretch forth from this place, the air vibrates with the joyous tumult of celebration. Multitudes are newly embarked on the adventure of freedom with its perils and hazards—and its deep enduring satisfactions. World opinion attends this drama of liberation with sympathy, hope and fraternal aid.

Some of the states represented in this Conference are making their first appearance at an international gathering since achieving their sovereign independence.

IF INSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM could itself guarantee peace and welfare, we should now be celebrating mankind's golden age. But, alas, the flags are not enough. In the awakening continents political freedom has not been attended by a parallel liberation of peoples from their social and economic ills. Behind the new emblems of institutional freedom millions continue to languish

in squalor, illiteracy, exploitation and disease. Men awaken to learn that they may be free in every constitutional sense and yet lose the essence of their freedom in the throes of famine and want. As the old political inequality between nations vanishes, a new one takes its place. It is the inequality between nations which have inherited the new abundance, and those who merely witness the promise without sharing in its fulfilment.

In our discussions during the coming days the extent of this inequality will become clearly revealed as we set the achievement and potentiality of man's creative mind against the actual situation prevailing in many of the newly liberated areas. In the advanced Western countries average life expectancy has reached 67 to 71. In the underdeveloped areas it stands at 29 to 39. In most countries of Asia and Africa the national per capita income is \$40 to \$50. In Western Europe it ranges from \$300 to \$900. In the United States it reaches \$2,400. In the West industrialization goes forward in swift momentum. In the new states it is impeded by the lack of basic technical skills, of power, of transport—and of the economic and social structure necessary for fruitful investment. In few African or Asian territories has local industrial production met the requirements of the domestic market for major categories of consumer goods. The production of capital goods is still in its infancy. Few of the newly liberated territories have as yet a balanced, diversified economy. Some of them still live in predominantly agricultural communities, held back by a lack of specialization, by an absence of regular production of surplus commodities for sale, and by primitive technology. Natural resources remain inadequately developed. The lack of momentum in the educational movement prevents a wider acquisition of

technical skills. Debilitating diseases continue to enfeeble the people and set a limit to production.

These disparities in achievement and prospect do not arise from any inherent inequalities in moral and intellectual capacity. Nothing has been achieved in Europe and America of which Africa and Asia are intrinsically incapable. The conclusions of research do not justify any belief that inherited genetic differences are a major factor in the disparities between the cultural achievements of different peoples. The truth is that one part of humanity has been cut off from contact with the processes of thought and action which have endowed another part of humanity with the elements of power.

ACROSS ASIA and Africa hundreds of men, the leaders of newly liberated nations, find themselves suddenly charged with a responsibility, at once formidable and inspiring. The problems which they face cannot await the kind of solutions which evolve across many generations. The human urgencies are acute. Swift communications, radio and cinema have brought the achievements and standards of Western societies to the knowledge of newly awakening peoples. The impulse to emulate and achieve similar results is correspondingly sharpened. Most of the new nations have put their faith in democratic methods of government. But unless free institutions can prove themselves responsive to the challenge of economic welfare they will fall into discredit and eclipse. In this poignant situation, the leaders of new nations look around for a key to accelerated progress. Their eyes fall in expectation and wonder on the contemporary scientific movement, with its record of immeasurable triumphs and its even more radiant promise for future years.

If there is anything in our times

which can compare in speed and wonder with the expansion of national freedom, it is surely the growth of knowledge. Scientific historians called the Seventeenth Century "The Century of Genius." I know not what kind of adjective they would find suitable for our age: Vast conceptual changes, new terms for the understanding and description of nature have been accompanied by corresponding advances in technological application. The crux of it is that man is clothed with a power which he never previously held, to generate and control energy; to fructify land; to conserve and utilise water; to combat disease; to multiply and diversify agricultural and industrial production; to draw mankind together in close and constant accessibility; and to associate all parts of the human family in exploring the growing universe of knowledge.

What I have called "the growing universe of knowledge" will be unfolded before us here with emphasis on those disciplines and techniques which are relevant to the problems of developing societies. The preoccupation of national leaders with practical results deserves understanding and respect. And yet I also plead for concern in new countries, including my own, for the processes of basic research which are, after all, the prior condition of all applied technology. The moral of Twentieth Century experience, as Whitehead has pointed out, is "the power of reason, its decisive influence on the life of humanity... It tells how a particular direction of reason emerges by the long preparation of antecedent epochs; how after its birth its subject matter gradually unfolds itself; how it attains its triumphs; how its influence moulds the very springs of action; and finally how, at its moment of supreme success, its limitations disclose themselves and call for a renewed exercise

of the creative imagination." There is no problem in nature the solution of which does not create problems of even greater scope. Scientific research needs no justification beyond itself. But its consequences, both deliberate and inadvertent, have a potent effect on the security, the welfare and the intellectual quality of nations.

THIS CONFERENCE seeks to generate attitudes rather than to solve logistic problems. May I attempt to define the attitude which we hope to generate? In the minds of national leaders we seek to deepen confidence in the modern scientific movement as one of the sources of their progress and salvation. Ideas and methods are accessible which can mitigate the agonies and defects which beset new societies. These ideas and methods affect the central problems of their population, their health, their land and their resources. We seek wider understanding of the fact that scientific knowledge and technical capacity are just as essential to the welfare of a community as the availability of natural resources and the capacity to exploit them. There is no state, however small or young, which cannot come to possess its own family of research workers, able to keep their nation in touch with the scientific world of thought and action. There is no law of nature confining scientific and technological progress to the developed nations of the West. New nations do not have to tread long tormented paths. They can skip the turbulent phases through which the Western industrial revolutions had to pass. The errors, the empirical improvisations, the faulty concepts, and experimentations of past research do not all have to be relived. The evolution of man from a nomadic to a technological existence has taken thousands of years. Today the transition can be made almost at once.

Nor is there need to pay the price in human suffering which Western man had to undergo in his odyssey across the centuries. For we live in a world of sharpened social consciousness. I suggest that the new states are more fortunate than the older industrial countries, in that they have at their disposal both the promise of Twentieth Century science and the conscience of the Twentieth Century society. New nations need not even fear lest their entry into the scientific realm will undermine the bulwarks of their traditional faiths and ethics. Reason, which is often used to destroy faith can also be used to reinforce it. The more a man learns about science the greater becomes his respect for the majestic coherence and order of the universe. Similarly, the destructive associations of some recent scientific developments should not blind us to their potentially positive effects. It is true that the new age in high-source energy was born in fear and havoc. But its destiny is hope and peace.

This then is our message to our friends and colleagues in the society of new nations: Let us enter the portals of the scientific age without inhibition or dismay. And to this eminent galaxy of scientists and scholars I offer the reflection that a new arena lies before them, awaiting the touch of their healing hand. The new communities entering on their new births of freedom will largely determine how the story of mankind will ultimately unfold. It would be incongruous in historic terms for the scientific movement to have nothing to say to this awakening world. Scientific research, however pure, is, after all, a human activity. It must see its purpose to lie in its affirmative effect on the total human situation. There are austere theories of purity in science which would insulate the research worker from all subjective calculations, which would confine him to his library

and laboratory giving no thought to the social and international effects of his insights and conclusions.

But the scientist is not only a physical part of the universe which he investigates. He is also a responsible citizen of the human society which taught him his skills; which gave him the opportunity to express his inner self; which accorded him the rightful pedestal of respect on which he now stands. Neither on the national nor on the international level should he seek to escape the challenge presented by human anguish and human hope. He must surely be aware of the fallacy of a scientific rationalism uninhibited by social and moral restraints. And if it be accepted that scientific enquiry should be related to human problems, to which problem can it be directed with a greater sense of urgency than to the enrichment of life and the vindication of freedom in the newly developing communities of the world?

This is why the history of our times will be written largely by the two groups of men who are represented amongst our guests—the statemen of developing nations and the leaders of scientific disciplines. It is vital that they come together and develop a communion of mind and spirit. As we scan the list of scientists contributing to this encounter, we are reminded of the vast effects which the scientific thinker has generated in human life. The great conquerors, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, the dynasties and rulers of all times have profoundly influenced the lives of some generations. But the total effect of all their influence shrinks to small dimensions when compared to the entire transformation of human habits and mentality produced by the long line of men of thought and science—men individually powerless, but ultimately the rulers of human destiny.

TO THEM and to their accumulated experience this Conference addresses the questions of urgent import to new states. What does the age of power, of nuclear and solar energy, hold in store for the planners of new economies? What is the impact of science and technology on man's basic resources, the land and water which nourish his life? How can our massively growing populations be maintained through a corresponding growth of resources? What is the message of medical research to those who live short, stunted diseased lives across the expanses of three continents? How can new communities be socially and economically prepared to absorb the benefits of modern techniques? Above all—how can leaders of new states fashion educational programs which will end the exclusion of half the world from the domain of scientific inquiry and effort? Beyond the first step marked by this assembly, how can we ensure a continuing process of contact between the new states and the scientific community, both through the mediation of individual states, and by giving a new dimension to international cooperation? Can we at this Conference formulate a declaration of purpose expressing, both in theory and in practice, the purposes common to science and to national freedom? In human issues, as in science, the great answers can only be found when the great questions are asked.

These questions will now be asked

—and perhaps some of them answered—here on Israel's soil, where men have for so long been seeking answers to the questions of purpose in the life of nature and the destiny of man. Our country stands at a crossroads not only in geography but also in the world of ideas. I have already pointed out today that the two streams of thought which we seek to harmonize in this assembly intersect on Israel's soil. We are, by the fortune of history, a member of the modern world of science and technology. The Institute in which we work was frankly and avowedly established by its founder as a citadel of scientific enquiry dedicated to the progress of a young pioneering nation. We are also one of the new states of the international community, a partner in the modern enterprise of national liberation. We thus stand in simultaneous kinship to the scientists and to the representatives of new states here assembled. The fabric of our history has a single, unifying thread—a constant belief—not always easy to sustain—in the positive direction of human history, in the responsiveness of men when challenged by great issues and lofty ideas. Strong currents of passion still sweep across the awakening continents, threatening to submerge liberties hard-won and deeply cherished. It is a moving experience for us, at such a time, to set the stage for an international assembly consecrated to the pursuit of truth in the service of man's expanding welfare and enduring peace.

The following are excerpts from chapters One and Two of *The Faithful City* by DOV JOSEPH, just published by Simon & Schuster, Inc. DOV JOSEPH was Military Governor of Jerusalem during the time that the city was besieged by Arabs in Israel's War of Independence in 1948. Though the salient facts regarding the siege of Jerusalem were reported by the world press, this book by the man who was responsible for the safety of the city, provides a vivid picture of that trying time, in terms of the human beings who experienced the siege.

The Siege of Jerusalem

By DOV JOSEPH

BORN HALFWAY around the world from Jerusalem, in Canada, I was nineteen before I first saw the Holy City. Three years later, in 1921, I left Montreal and settled in Jerusalem, where I practiced law and raised a family. More than a quarter of a century later I found myself in charge of the destinies of Jerusalem during the weeks it was besieged and the months it fought desperately to survive. So the city of Jerusalem occupies many different levels in my emotions and my memories, like the layers an archaeologist uncovers when he digs into the stone and the rubble on which the ancient capital of Judaism has been built.

Deepest of the layers for me is the mingling of legend, fable and fact which has kept Jerusalem through two thousand years the chief symbol of his religion for every Jewish child. My father died when I was four, and I was brought up by my grandfather in Montreal. He had emigrated with his family from Eastern Europe to escape the rising wave of pogroms and persecution in Czarist Russia at the end of the last century. He was a devout Jew,

to whom tradition, precept and observance of the moral and ritual codes of Judaism all centered around the Holy City and its Temple.

My mother used to sing me to sleep with a song which ran: "You, my child, will open for me the gates of Jerusalem." From the days when I first learned to talk, I can remember another song of hers about how Mother Zion sat in a small ruined chamber of the Temple crooning her baby to sleep with the dream of the return of her people. In time I brought my mother to Jerusalem, where she lived the last decades of her life, and she is buried there.

As we grew up in Montreal, we learned that the Temple had been destroyed first by Nebuchadnezzar, and that the Jews had returned to build a more splendid Temple than the first. We were told that when this, too, was doomed in the time of the Romans, all the patriarchs went up to heaven to the Holy One and begged him to spare Jerusalem. He relented, we knew, to the extent of promising the patriarchs that His Divine Presence, which hovered constantly over the Temple, would

go forth into exile with His people. How we wept at the story of the Divine Presence, called the Shechina, a mighty angel with white wings as wide as the world, standing poised over the Temple as the Romans burned it, then over its walls, then over Jerusalem, until with an eternity of reluctance it went forth into exile with Israel!

Wherever a Jew may go, he takes with him these old memories of Jerusalem. In time we learned that the earthly Jerusalem was only the material embodiment of the real Jerusalem, the spiritual Jerusalem, the celestial city which dwelt in heaven. Bits and pieces of the oldest story in the world seeped into our consciousness as we grew up, from the discourses of old rabbis, from songs and commentaries on the Bible texts.

We knew that when the Jews had the Temple no one was allowed, on pain of death, to enter the Holy of Holies, its inmost chamber, except the High Priest, and even he only after prayers and ablutions on the Day of Atonement. When the Romans destroyed it, in the year 70 of this era, they plowed the ground to make the destruction complete, so that no man knows now just where the Holy of Holies was. This was not just a story for children. When Sir Moses Montefiore, the distinguished English Jew, visited Jerusalem in 1839, he had himself carried in a sedan chair so that his feet might not accidentally step on the spot where the Holy of Holies had been.

After two thousand years of exile, this tradition has acquired a life of its own, independent of buildings or monuments or specific streets of Jerusalem. The Jerusalem to which Jews have wished to return since the Diaspora began is the ancient city, the true heartland of Zion in the Judaean hills. For hundreds of years, our holidays

have featured the greeting "Next year in Jerusalem." A patch on one wall of every orthodox Jewish house has been left unattended for the sake of Jerusalem. The bridegroom at a Jewish wedding feast still crushes a glass under his right foot to show his grief at the destruction of the Temple. The climax of the most important prayer recited thrice daily by religious Jews is: "And to Jerusalem Thy city shalt Thou return in mercy, as Thou hast promised."

For Jews, it has always been the one Holy City, the focal point of our religion, our traditions and our history.

THE FIRST TIME I saw Jerusalem was in 1918, when I volunteered as a soldier in the Jewish Legion of the British Army in the campaign to take Palestine from the Turks. I was already a Zionist by conviction, having been a delegate to a Canadian Zionist convention when I was barely nine and the founder of Canadian Young Judaea, a Dominion-wide organization of Zionist youth. I had been in charge of recruiting in Montreal and was determined to take part myself in the liberation of the Holy Land. This was when I resolved to settle there, and to help accept the challenge to create the national home for the Jewish people which had been made explicit the year before in the Balfour Declaration. In 1921, when I had finished my law studies at McGill University and Laval University in Montreal, I came to Palestine. I have lived in Jerusalem ever since.

There were then, and there are now, three Jerusalems. The first is the Old City, an irregular quadrilateral surrounded by a massive wall over two miles long. Inside the wall are the Holy Places of three religions. The Mosque of Omar, built around the rock on

which, legend has it, Abraham was prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac, is a Moslem shrine. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is on the site called Golgotha or Calvary, the burial place of Christ. The Via Dolorosa is also here. The Wailing Wall, part of which dates from the time of Solomon's Temple, has been for generations the goal of pilgrimages by Jews to mourn the destruction of the Temple. In the dead of night, the Shechina or Divine Presence was believed to appear as a white dove, cooing in sorrow with the mourners, and the drops of dew which cover the stones in the morning were said by legend to be the tears wept by the wall itself in sympathy with Israel.

West of the ancient wall which encircles this Old City, there had grown the core of a new Jerusalem. This was, until about 1927, a narrow strip extending from the Jaffa Gate into the Mamillah Road and up the Jaffa Road as far as the Mahaneh Yehuda quarter, with offshoots southward to where the present Jewish Agency buildings stand and northward to the Jewish religious quarters clustering around Meah Shearim and extending to the Lutheran Schneller's orphanage. Away to the south stood the railway station and the adjoining German Templars' Colony, where the British officials of the Palestine administration made their homes.

In what was known as the Jaffa Road area were the offices of those institutions which the Jewish people were developing to organize and protect their interests in the city and in all of Palestine. There too were the principal shops and restaurants of the city, its cinema, its business offices, and the government district offices. The central headquarters of the British administration which governed the country under a League of Nations mandate were far away in the Augusta Victoria Institute

on the Mount of Olives.

East and north of the Old City there were Jewish areas too, especially the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus next to the Mount of Olives. South of the Old City, on the road to Bethlehem, the British built in 1930 a massive Government House for their High Commissioner, who was the effective ruler over all of Palestine and Transjordan. Later, the Rockefeller Foundation built its fabulous archaeological museum outside Herod's Gate, and the clockwise sweep of land from north through east and south to southwest of the Old City included a few Jewish quarters mixed with rather more Arab districts all the way beyond the King David, Jerusalem's largest hotel, and the Y.M.C.A. Building with its tower which overlooks the entire city.

The third Jerusalem lay outside this ring around the Old City and consisted chiefly of suburbs which grew up during the thirty years of British rule under the mandate. Most of these were Jewish, built by families like my own which had moved to Palestine, or financed by Jews abroad for their coreligionists. But some were Arab villages, where the fruit and vegetables were grown which fed the city, and others were colonies of Americans, Germans, Greeks, Armenians, Frenchmen, Russians, literally dozens of communities which had been pulled to Jerusalem by religious or missionary motives. Only old residents can remember the full range of these little colonies. One family of Christians whom I knew and liked lived in the Deir Abu Tor Christian Arab quarter in daily expectation of the Second Coming of Christ. They framed a motto over the doorway, "Perhaps Today," and when they went out for a picnic on the Mount of Olives they always took along an extra cup and plate.

These three Jerusalems made up

what was aptly called "a mosaic of distinct communities, each living in proud dissociation from its fellows." Each had its "notables," or leading members, who contrived somehow, in endless wrangles under British direction, what little government the city had. At least until 1929 and for periods after that year, the city lived in troubled peace, in some prosperity and considerable squalor, and in its ancient rituals, under the clear and heavy sunlight of Judaea. Jerusalem is a city built of rose-colored limestone, and the sun and the stone combine to give it a very special kind of light in which the mountains and the sky seem to run into each other. Perhaps this added to the historical associations which always attracted deeply religious people of many faiths to the city. It is certainly a reason why men who have settled there strike roots which go down far and hold them fast.

SO IT WAS with me. The private practice of law was hard and complicated but interesting. I was married in Jerusalem, to Goldie Hoffman, whom I had known in Montreal where we grew up together and who came to Palestine as ardent a Zionist as I. This was the city in which we raised our children, and in which we gave our hearts to the struggle for the establishment of a national home in Palestine and eventually of the state of Israel. The second goal replaced the first only gradually in our minds, mainly as a result of our growing realization that the British would never allow an independent national home for the Jews within the British Commonwealth. This was a bitter conclusion for us, who had been brought up and educated in Canada, to accept, but as it grew clearer, our determination to stay grew stronger. It was in 1929, after serious riots in which the British did nothing

to control Arab mobs attacking Jews, that we decided to build our own home in Rehavia, one of the residential districts lying just beyond the Jewish Agency Building in what were then the outskirts of new Jerusalem. We still live in this house, and all the years of living there have added their weight to what the city means to us.

It was in March 1936 that David Ben Gurion, then chairman of the Jewish Agency for Palestine and later Israel's first Prime Minister, asked me to join him and Moshe Shertok (later Sharett) in the Political Department of the Jewish Agency, as its honorary legal adviser. The Jewish Agency for Palestine was the executive arm of the World Zionist Organization, through which Jews all over the world were working for Jewish settlement in Palestine. One month later, in April, the Arab riots started which were to continue sporadically for three years until the outbreak of World War II. In fact, I was Shertok's associate in the Political Department, but unlike him I had always lived in Jerusalem, where the High Commissioner was, and the Grand Mufti, the religious head of Palestine's Moslems, and most of the riots. From now on I attended only to the most important matters in my private law practice and threw myself into full-time Zionist activity.

For the next twelve years, the Political Department of the Jewish Agency functioned as a government within a government. Under the terms of the mandate, it was empowered to represent the Jews in developing the Jewish national home in Palestine. So the High Commissioner turned to us, as he did to the Vaad Leumi, (or National Council of Palestine Jews), or to the religious communities, or to the Grand Mufti or to Arab organizations, on matters which concerned each of us. The Jews themselves looked to us, nat-

urally, to represent them with the British mandatory power. Even the ultra-orthodox Jews who were not Zionists turned to us on matters of security or immigration which required action by the High Commissioner's office.

These were the tragic years of Hitler's consolidation of power over Germany, so there was much to be done and frighteningly little time in which to do it. Our growing anger at the obstacles with which the British slowed our work was matched by a growing fear of the Nazi threat to the Jews all over Europe. I attended the Zionist Congress at Geneva in August 1939, at which it was decided that even the British White Paper of that year, which violated the mandate by setting rigid limits to Jewish immigration into Palestine and to the purchase of land for Jewish settlement, should not deter us from all-out aid to any anti-Hitler war effort. So the Jewish Agency Executive asked me to fly back to Jerusalem to take full charge of its Political Department until the others could return, and to alert our people to the imminence of war and the need to organize to fight it.

As soon as I arrived, I sought an interview with General Michael G. H. Barker, who was then commanding all British military forces in Palestine. He was a typical British officer—tall, lanky, dour, curt but not unkindly. I believe he was one of the few British generals who had risen from the ranks. He was clearly amused, if not a little scornful, at my offer to put at his disposal the Jewish manpower and womanpower of Palestine in the event of war. He pointed to a large war map of the Middle East which covered one wall of his office.

"Take a look at this map, Dr. Joseph," he said, not without sarcasm. "To the immediate north of Palestine, you see Lebanon and Syria. These are

under French control and so we need lose no sleep over our northern borders. There is Transjordan on our east, where we are not without authority ourselves and have a pretty good British-trained force at our disposal, the Arab Legion. Beyond that is Iraq, where British influence is no negligible factor. To the south we have Egypt, which, as you know, is controlled by Britain. That leaves the Mediterranean coast line. I admit that Italy is uncommitted, but there is a great, big sea in between. I have not heard," he added with a smile, "that the Jewish Agency possesses much of a navy, and we British are not without ships, you know. What would we need your soldiers for?"

General Barker was very pleased with the strategic picture he had drawn. Within months, Vichy France held control of Syria and Lebanon. Italy had joined the war on the Axis side. A little later the revolt of Raschid Ali, a pro-Axis leader, removed Iraq from any helpful role in British strategy. By 1941, the Egyptian Minister of Defense had handed over his confidential British documents to the Italians, the King was a British prisoner in his palace, and Egypt was defenseless before Rommel's army. In Transjordan the British-officered Arab Legion had mutinied. The former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem was Hitler's guest in Berlin, broadcasting anti-British propaganda to the Middle East and recruiting Moslem fascists in Yugoslavia to help the Nazis.

So the unconditional offer of the Jewish Agency to raise manpower for the Allied war effort was later accepted by the British, grudgingly but of necessity. I was put in charge of recruiting Jews for the British Army; our enlistments totaled thirty thousand. Jewish Palestinian units were rushed to El Alamein to help hold the line against Rommel. Someday it will be possible

to publish complete details of the plan worked out by us with British authorities to organize the Jews of Palestine for a last-ditch battle in case the Nazi troops broke through in Egypt, to cover the withdrawal of British forces to India. The whole of Jewish Palestine was mobilized on the Allied side. Our scouts led the advance into Syria. We dropped parachutists into Central Europe to help organize resistance. We geared our factories and farms to help supply Allied armies in the Middle East. For example, all the land mines used against Rommel came from Jewish factories in Palestine. So did parachutes and tents and mechanical small parts, small naval craft and precision instruments.

What was our reward when the war ended? A Labor government of Great Britain, which was heavily pledged to our support, decided for reasons deeply obscured in the politics of oil and of empire to back the Arabs against us. Its Foreign Minister, Ernest Bevin, carried out this policy in a spirit of bitter anti-Semitism. It was executed in Jerusalem by men among whom many were tired, disillusioned, of small stature, vengeful. Those Jews who had survived Nazi extermination were pouring out of concentration camps all over Europe, but the British refused to let them come to Palestine. They turned back ships in the Mediterranean and hunted down illegal refugees on the beaches. The Jews replied with what weapons they had; on June 18, 1946, Hagana—the underground Jewish defense forces of Palestine—blew up eight bridges on the frontiers and cut off communication with neighboring Arab countries. June 29, 1946, was "Black Saturday." On that day the British decided to break the Jewish will to resist. They arrested 2,600 young men and leaders in the Jewish population, confiscating all the hidden arms and am-

munition they could find, and interned them as prisoners in concentration camps at Rafa on the Egyptian frontier, at Athlit and at Latrun. Among those detained at Latrun were four members of the Jewish Agency Executive, including myself. We were held there for four and a half months.

(On November 29, 1947, the United Nations voted in favor of the partition of Palestine into Jewish and Arab states. The tremendous outburst of joy was quickly followed by Arab attacks.)

THE FIRST SHOTS were fired in Jerusalem on Sunday, November 30, at an ambulance on its way to the Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus. Three Arabs stationed near Lod (formerly Lydda) Airfield killed five Jews in a bus bound from Natanya to Jerusalem. Another bus traveling from Hadera to Jerusalem was attacked with hand grenades. In Tel Aviv's Carmel Market, on the border between the Jewish city and what was Arab Jaffa, murder was done. In Haifa, shots were fired at Jews passing through the Arab quarter, and in the south of the country stoning of buses started.

The next day brought a slight rise in the number, tempo and gravity of the attacks. Shooting, stoning and window smashing went on sporadically throughout the country. Attacks were made on the Polish and Swedish consulates, and the Czechoslovak consulate was threatened; these countries had supported the partition proposal. Arabs began to leave their homes in Jewish quarters to live with their own people, and Jews in Arab quarters did the same. In Jerusalem the first large-scale encounter between Arabs and Jews took place. An Arab mob poured out of the Jaffa Gate brandishing sticks and shouting against the Jews. They went along the Mamillah Road up Princess Mary

Avenue, a Jewish shopping thoroughfare. This illegal demonstration was headed by an armored car manned by British police. The Arabs encountered a wall of Hagana men at the top of the street, whereupon they halted their advance and took to looting the shops while the police looked on. They dispersed only when two Hagana officers fired over their heads.

There were attacks on Jews throughout the city. Buses, ambulances and a funeral convoy were fired on, an autobus was blown up by a land mine, bombs were thrown into cafés, killing and wounding, the central prison was broken open and two Arab gangleaders freed, pedestrians were stabbed and sniped at, several buildings were blown up, Molotov cocktails were thrown into shops, a synagogue was set on fire.

These were only rumblings of the real storm that was brewing. The Arab Higher Committee, which had been set up in 1936 to represent Palestinian Arabs vis-à-vis the British administration, had been in continuous executive session, and it proclaimed a three-day strike throughout the country to begin on Tuesday, December 2. It enforced the closing of all Arab shops, schools and places of business and sent great crowds into the streets and the mosques of Jerusalem and other cities, where agitators and religious leaders were ready to incite them.

The British, with their inimitable *sang-froid*, put their telescope up to their blind eye and assured the world that the situation was not serious. But the first day of the strike showed that the situation was much uglier than it had been in previous riots and disturbances between Arabs and Jews. The British police and military authorities allowed the mobs to get out of hand. That Tuesday morning saw two crowds of several hundred Arabs, armed with sticks, stones and some firearms, ad-

vance from the Jaffa and Damascus gates of the Old City into the now largely Jewish sections of the New City. They smashed windows, looted shops, attacked any Jews they caught. When Jewish organized defense units went into action, they were quickly disarmed by the British police; some of the confiscated arms were later found on killed and captured Arab rioters. When the mobs were eventually dispersed, sixteen Hagana men were held by the British for being in illegal possession of arms and a further search for weapons was made in Jewish quarters by police and soldiers.

The British eventually imposed a nineteen-hour curfew in the Arab quarters of the capital. But the Jews could not rely on this—for many Arabs broke curfew with no perceptible consequences—and the Mishmar Ha'am, the uniformed guard force organized by the Jews to deal with such situations, patrolled the border areas between Jewish and Arab zones. Convoys had to be established from the outlying suburbs of Jerusalem and Jewish villages to the center of the city. Jews no longer found it safe to attend sessions of the law courts in Jerusalem; municipal and government employees had to stay away from work to avoid attacks by their Arab colleagues.

Hagana, the Jewish defense organization, began by exercising a maximum of restraint. Their orders were to prevent any attempt to frustrate by force the U.N. decision, to repel any attack upon the Yishuv, and not to molest peaceful Arabs. They still hoped that the British authorities would take measures to stop the rioting, and that some kind of agreement would be reached with the Arabs. A hard practical reason for self-restraint was the British policy of confiscating weapons, a policy consistently carried out with zeal against Jews but not against the

Arabs. But the rioting spread across the country and grew worse. By December 4, the Arabs in the Old City were breaking curfew with impunity and attacking synagogues. The next day, the Jewish Agency and the Vaad Leumi, the national council representing all the Yishuv or Palestine Jews, issued an order calling up all men and women between seventeen and twenty-five for national service, and the Hagana began to take over general responsibility for defense against attacks. The second week's toll was seventy-one Arabs killed, seventy-four Jews, and nine British.

BEHIND THE ARAB RIOTERS there emerged the first outlines of an organized Arab plan to nullify the United Nations decision. The secretary of the Arab League, which tried to co-ordinate the Arabs outside Palestine in active opposition to the U.N. partition resolution, announced that a technical committee was at work on tactical plans. He predicted a long struggle and called initially for volunteers to a people's army rather than for direct intervention by armies of the Arab states. But by December 8 the Premier of Iraq, Salah Jabr, had committed his country to armed intervention. The end of the month saw an Egyptian brigadier general, Mohammed Saleh Harb Pasha, inspecting Arab volunteers in Syria and calling for a volunteer movement in Egypt. The Lebanese Minister of Defense announced that he had been present himself at an attack on Jews at Huleh in the north of Palestine and that his ministry had set up a special committee to raise funds, enlist volunteers and obtain arms for the struggle in Palestine. Much of the initial violence in Jerusalem was organized directly by the ex-Grand Mufti in the hope of provoking the Jews to countermeasures which

would make effective propaganda in neighboring countries where he needed help. The Near East Broadcasting Company's programs from Cyprus, controlled by the British Foreign Office, blanketed the Arab world with the ex-Grand Mufti's material...

This was the unhappy situation I found when I returned to Jerusalem from Lake Success in the first week of December. I wrote my wife, who had to remain in the United States for a few weeks longer: "Everyone here is on duty and very busy. The situation promises to improve in the immediate future, but only temporarily. Our people feel confident they can handle any situation. All are intensely engaged in strengthening our position. Road travel between Tel Aviv and Haifa is normal. The Tel Aviv-Jerusalem route is still convoyed and unsafe. Jerusalem is tense, with everyone on guard and on constant lookout for trouble."

Next to defense, the biggest problem which faced us was how to take over authority from the British in our part of Palestine. Here the British were adamant in refusing any cooperation at all. At Lake Success, they succeeded in completely hamstringing the Implementation Commission which had been appointed by the United Nations. They were brutally specific: they would allow no militia to be set up by the U.N.; they would permit no provisional governments until the end of the mandate; they would not allow the commission even to come to Palestine until May 1. When we officially requested the commission to secure details of British plans for evacuation, the commission was told that these plans could not be disclosed either to the Jews or the Arabs. If the British hope was to sabotage the U.N. resolution, to produce complete chaos and to encourage the Arabs to push the Jews into the sea so that the imperial position could be recovered, this

was exactly the course of action best designed to achieve those goals...

So we were under no illusions about the policy which was going to win for the British evacuation the name "Operation Chaos." But we ourselves were far from ready. Under the mandate, Jewish organizations in Jerusalem had been amorphous, well-meaning but often ineffective, wastefully overlapping. Besides the Jewish Agency and the Vaad Leumi, there was a community council for Jerusalem called the Vaad Hakehilla. This body rarely held elections, took no vital part in the life of the community and busied itself chiefly with supervising the relations of Jewish religious sects and burial societies. In December, it set up an emergency committee called the *Vaadat Hamatzav* to cope with the emergency situation which developed almost immediately in the supply of food and kerosene. But this group had no money and almost no moral authority. So the Jewish Agency stepped in with another committee, the Vaad Leumi joined forces with it, and a new body was formed called the *Vaadat Hamosadot Le-Inyanai Yerushalayim*, or Committee of the National Institutions for Matters Pertaining to Jerusalem. The name was quickly shortened to the Jerusalem Emergency Committee. I was asked to head this body with Golda Meyerson, and since she was soon detailed to other work, I was left in charge.

At once we were swamped with demands and complaints, chiefly from sections of the community like the ultra-orthodox Jews, that they were not represented. Protracted haggling and bargaining over representation on any new public body was an established tradition in Jerusalem. We tried not to waste our time on these desires of old "notables" of the community for prestige and position, but they acted as a constant drag on us until at the

eleventh hour I was finally given unlimited powers to prepare Jerusalem for siege.

Our situation was serious enough. We were isolated in the heart of an Arab area with only a few Jewish settlements in the neighborhood, which were themselves sorely beset. We produced very little of our food and other requirements. Our communications by road or rail passed through Arab territory. Our population was scattered throughout the city. We had no industry worth talking about. What trade there was depended in a measure on the Arab population of Jerusalem and its hinterland and to a lesser extent on neighboring Arab countries. A considerable part of our population were supported by charity or tourism or were employed in government offices or national institutions. The British authorities took no steps to care for the needs of the Jewish population, and a situation rapidly developed where we were satisfied if they did nothing overt to harm our interests.

JERUSALEM was the most isolated of all the large Jewish settlements in Palestine. Thirty miles of the road which joined it to Tel Aviv passed through Arab territory where the monotony of enmity was not broken by a single Jewish village. The eight miles nearest to Jerusalem did have Jewish colonies from Maaleh Hahamisha eastward. But the heights in these parts were dotted with hostile Arab villages, while Kastel, site of an ancient Roman fortress and by its natural position the dominant strong point commanding the whole approach to the capital, was in Arab hands and strongly held by them. The Arab villages nestling in the highest hills about Jerusalem were quite secure from Jewish attack by virtue of their position and the vigilance of the British in checking all Jewish trans-

port on the road for arms. The villagers had time and enough to devote themselves to attacks on Jewish transport without having to worry about safeguarding their rear or flanks. There were additional factors. While most of the Arabs of Palestine were at first not particularly enthusiastic about the struggle against the Jews, the clans in the vicinity of Jerusalem were fanatical supporters of the family of Haj Amin el Hussein, the former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. The Jewish population of Jerusalem itself was dispersed into noncontiguous suburbs; the need to protect them and the Jewish colonies in the vicinity of the capital absorbed fighting forces which might otherwise have been able to take decisive action to clear the heights and free the road to Tel Aviv, always assuming that such an operation could go forward without embroiling the Jews with the British forces.

The Jewish quarter of the Old City was completely surrounded by areas heavily populated by Arabs. This was also true of much of new Jerusalem and its suburbs. To the west of the city, the Jewish suburbs of Bet Hakerem and Bait Vegan were separated from the rest of the city by the Arab suburbs of Sheikh Bader, Lifta, Romema and the Arab lands west of Rehavia. To the north, the Hebrew University and the Hadassah Hospital were cut off from the Jewish center by Wadi el Joz, Sheikh Jarrah and the American colony. To the east, Talpiot was separated from the center by Bakaa and the Greek and German colonies. The outer Jewish suburb of Mekor Hayim faced the Arab village of Bet Safafa between it and the center of Jerusalem.

The entire city of Jerusalem is undulating land, interspersed by valleys and by isolated spurs and ridges, some of which are 150 feet higher than the

low points of the city. To make the problem of defense still harder, the British had enclosed what amounted to one third of new Jerusalem in security zones surrounded by barbed wire. These zones were closed to Jews except for a few autobuses a day, while armed Arabs were allowed to pass through them freely. Whatever the policy of the High Commissioner was, this was the practice followed by officers in charge of the zones. Moreover, the zones cut up some of the Jewish areas into separated parts and made collective defense hopelessly difficult. Most of the British offices were in Arab or mixed quarters where we could give no protection to Jewish officials who had to work there. The law courts, for example, were in the Russian Compound, where Jewish lawyers could go, from December on, only at peril of their lives. Yet the British Chief Justice and his associate judges ruled formally that lack of public security was no excuse for adjournment of a case on the failure of a lawyer to run the gauntlet of Arab street mobs.

This was the city we had to defend. It was lived in, in the spring of 1948, by 99,300 Jews, 33,700 Moslems and 31,300 Christians. We constituted nearly one sixth of all the Jews in Palestine. In addition to these problems set us by geography, our freedom of action was further circumscribed by the diplomatic and strategic consequences of the city's designation as an international city, and most of all by the heavy concentration of British forces in Jerusalem. Their retention of strategic strong points, their strengthening of the Arabs by an official policy of specious "neutrality," and the direct, if unofficial, military help given by many British police and soldiers to the Arabs, all combined to make our situation tougher. To save us, we looked first of all to the Hagana, which had been

training the whole of the Jewish population since the 1930s for just such an emergency as we now faced...

The riot on Tuesday, December 2, which has already been mentioned, showed us how little help we could expect from the British, who were still claiming responsibility for law and order. By nightfall that day the Commercial Center, a small compound of Jewish warehouses and stores just outside the Jaffa Gate to the Old City, had been looted and burned. Forty shops were destroyed. The police had not stopped the rioters, but they had arrested sixteen Hagana men on arms charges. When Mrs. Meyerson saw the Chief Secretary, the High Commissioner's top official, on the same day on behalf of the Jewish Agency, she showed him photographs of the police officer responsible for the area watching with folded arms the Arab looting. The Chief Secretary remarked to her that the pictures seemed to prove that the police had done nothing, and he promised to make an inquiry. There the matter ended.

That same evening, our commanders were assembled and told that in the future they should not hesitate to open fire in similar situations. We also began attacking buildings serving as centers of armed Arabs. Orders were not to take the initiative, not to waste ammunition, and not to fire when this might lead to discovery of arms by the British. Both sides were fighting on a hit-and-run basis. We blew up a flour mill in Bet Safafa which was a center of Arab fighting, and a soda-water factory near the entrance to Romema, and the Supreme Moslem Council headquarters near the American Colony.

One of their centers which troubled us most was at Sheikh Jarrah, where the Arabs were in position to fire on the road to Mount Scopus and the Hadassah Hospital. We had to move

doctors and patients in armor-plated buses, and movement of students and faculty to the Hebrew University became impossible. The university closed its doors on Mount Scopus on December 31; they have not yet been reopened. On January 13, we carried out Operation Jebussi, an attempt to reopen the Mount Scopus road. Hagana forces captured both Sheikh Jarrah and the Police Training School. Then the British intervened and we surrendered both points to the British on their promise not to permit armed Arabs into the area. The promise was not kept. Sheikh Jarrah was turned over to the Arabs forty-eight hours after we withdrew.

Similar actions took place at this time against the Arab villages of Bet Safafa and Sur Baher, where constant Arab sniping was directed at the Jews of the Mekor Hayim quarter and Talpiot. My elder daughter, a Hagana soldier, fought in the trenches facing Bet Safafa. The struggle here was relentless day after day and night after night, with constant sniping and intermittent sorties to blow up buildings or throw grenades at each other. Early in January a special conference of Jewish Agency leaders, Hagana commanders and experts on Arab affairs had produced a change in our tactics. Henceforth we would take sharp retributive action in every zone where we were subject to attack. We still would not take the initiative against any area which did not serve as a base or training center, and we would choose fewer and heavier punitive actions rather than minor reprisals. Most significant of all, we decided that in the event of action by the British, the Hagana in future would not hesitate to open fire.

THIS NEW POLICY made possible slow but gradual consolidation of the

scattered Jewish quarters of new Jerusalem and restricted Arab freedom to launch attacks. One of our chief goals was to eliminate a hotbed of armed Arabs in Katamon, a well-to-do residential quarter from which almost constant sniping was directed at Rehavia and at Kiryat Shmuel. So, on January 5, the Hagana blew up one of the Arab headquarters there, the Semiramis Hotel, during a torrential thunderstorm in the middle of the night. It was a terrific explosion which blew out windows in the entire area. A party of Royal Engineers joined in the rescue work; at least eleven people were killed and four were missing. By the end of the month, we had blown up another center of snipers in Katamon, the Shahin House, but we did not succeed in dislodging the Arabs from all of Katamon until the British evacuation.

Another outlying quarter in which there was bitter large-scale fighting throughout the struggle was Yemin Moshe. This quarter, situated to the east of the New City, facing Mount Zion and close to the Jaffa Gate, was regarded by the Arabs as a possible springboard for an attempt to breach the Old City gates. They consequently kept it under constant attack and made extraordinary efforts to capture and wipe it out.

The first large-scale attack was launched by the Arabs on February 10. Attacking from the Commercial Center to the north, a force of about 150 Arabs, steel-helmeted and in uniform, attacked the quarter for six hours. They were the best guerrilla fighters in the neighborhood; the action had been planned to offset a fall in Arab morale resulting from a number of local military developments, especially the blowing up by the Stern Gang of an Arab building near the Jaffa Gate the day before. Covering fire was provided for the attackers. One

of them tried to carry in explosives, but a Hagana sharpshooter picked him off, detonating the dynamite and killing five Arabs, wounding nine others. This was one engagement in which British troops fulfilled their duty by joining in the action against the attackers. Sixteen Arabs were killed and fifty-nine wounded, including Sheikh Yassin Abu Bakri, then Arab commander in the Old City.

Engagements like this were less important during the early months of 1948 than a series of explosions which literally rocked the city and which were clearly designed to shock the Jewish population and break its morale. The first of these, on February 1, completely wrecked the building on Hassole Street of the *Palestine Post*, an English-language paper of moderate Zionist views and a determined opponent of terrorism. The explosion was caused by an army-type car filled with dynamite which had been parked next to the building. Surrounding buildings caught fire, the streets were covered by a sea of broken glass. The newspaper managed to publish, in abridged and stencil form. The Arabs denied responsibility for this action to foreign correspondents, and although no conclusive evidence could be produced it was widely believed even by non-Jews that British policemen had done the job.

There was no question of British responsibility for the next major outrage. A squad of British soldiers, carrying out a search for arms in the Bet Israel quarter on February 13, arrested four young Hagana men and marched them not to the nearby police station but to a purely Arab neighborhood outside the Damascus Gate. There the sergeant major in charge released them, unarmed, in the middle of a mob of rioting Arabs. They were murdered in cold blood; their bodies were found an hour later.

The Jewish community was shocked at this act, but also deeply angered. British authorities recognized their responsibility, and the commanding general ordered a full and immediate investigation. But the principal consequence of the atrocity was an immediate order by Hagana in Jerusalem to its members "from now on to resist with arms any attempt by British forces to search for weapons or to make arrests, unless those forces are accompanied by Jewish police."

Ten days later, on February 22, at ten minutes past six on a Sunday morning, three trucks loaded with dynamite exploded on Ben Yehuda Street in the center of new Jerusalem. Six-story buildings crumbled, others caught fire, the street looked as if it had been heavily bombed from the air. It took more than twenty-four hours to complete rescue work; fifty-two dead were found and 123 persons were wounded.

This explosion produced almost mass hysteria against the British. The Arabs were quick to deny any connection with the crime. A handbill appeared in the streets a few days later signed by British fascists declaring that they were responsible, but Sir Oswald Mosley was reported to have disclaimed this. David Rees Williams, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs, announced immediately in the House of Commons, "Since the Government does not believe the allegations that British troops were involved, there is no question of an inquiry at this time."

ON BEHALF of the Jewish Agency, I appointed a commission of inquiry of three leading lawyers, one of whom is today the president of Israel's Supreme Court. After a thorough and public investigation, they reported that the crime had clearly been committed by Britishers. The convoy of trucks had

been seen by many witnesses to be British, operated by British personnel. Whose orders were being followed could not be discovered, and it was possible that the trucks were among the many vehicles being reported "missing" at that time by British authorities, and their drivers among the more than two hundred deserters who had already joined the Arab forces.

Evidence has since come to light in John Phillips' recently published book *Odd World*. The author, a *Life* photo-reporter who was with the Arab Legion in May 1948, writes about a British soldier he met at Abdullah et Tel's headquarters in the Old City, presumably a deserter. The soldier told Phillips, "I pulled Ben Yehuda," and complained that the Mufti had "refused to pay me the five hundred pounds he had promised."

While the organized Jewish forces were trying to clear the debris and help the victims, Etzel and Stern Gang gunmen went out looking for any Britishers they could find; they killed ten and wounded twenty. More important was an immediate decision that Hagana members would no longer conceal their arms. The Jewish Agency met the same day and on my proposal decided to demand of the High Commissioner that Britishers should no longer enter Jewish parts of the city. By nightfall, British troops had been withdrawn to the security zones and the northern outskirts. They never appeared again in Jewish parts of Jerusalem, other than the main thoroughfares, except by permission of Hagana officers.

Another wholesale murder took place on March 11 when an automobile of the United States Consulate General, flying the American flag, drove into the carefully guarded courtyard of the Jewish Agency and the Vaad Leumi. Since the guard on duty recognized the car and its Christian Arab driver and knew

it to be of the American consulate, he did not search it. The driver, named Anton Daoud, managed to slip out of the premises and was next heard of in Venezuela. Soon after he parked the car in front of one of the buildings there was a terrific explosion which tore down part of the building, killed thirteen persons, including the veteran Zionist leader Dr. Leib J. Yaffe, one of the founders of the Keren Hayesod (Palestine Foundation Fund), and wounded one hundred others. The U.S. consulate expressed their deep regret at the occurrence, and the consul who delivered their letter added that he knew the driver personally and found it difficult to believe that a man of his rather limited intelligence could have planned all the details. We could only agree that there was undoubtedly a directing hand behind such acts.

By the end of March even the Arabs must have begun to wonder if the Jews could be shocked, intimidated and demoralized into abandoning our plan to accept partition and make it work. The Jewish settlements had held their own. Not a single Jewish village had been abandoned. Hagana's call-up of men and women had now enrolled 21,000 young people between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. We were learning to manufacture simple weapons for ourselves, and, more important, arms were on their way from Czechoslovakia. A Jewish air force now had thirty light planes for scouting duty and the supplying of isolated points. A United Nations report listed the total casualties in Palestine from December 1 to April 3 at 6,187. One third of them were dead. More Arabs had been killed, according to these figures, than Jews, and there had been 430 British casualties. Nevertheless when, at the end of March, the Security Council called for a truce, the Arabs ignored the appeal while the Jews announced

they were ready to agree.

What the Arabs did not know, or appreciate, was our real weakness in Jerusalem. As early as February, serious shortages of meat, fish, milk, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruit had become common. Electricity was erratic and kerosene in very short supply. By the third week of March, a food convoy failed completely, for the first time, to get through to the city. Jerusalem was now truly besieged. By the end of the month it was fair to say that only two weeks' supply of emergency foodstuffs stood between Jerusalem and starvation.

AS EARLY as January, I had a survey made of the food supply situation in the city and a table drawn up by nutrition experts of Jewish Jerusalem's weekly needs item by item. The report I received showed that stocks of food in the city were very low and that any break in the supply line could cause real hunger in a very short time. The basic reason, of course, was that the mounting hostilities had cut us off from the Arab countryside which had traditionally produced and sold much of the food eaten in Jerusalem. As head of the Jerusalem Emergency Committee, I knew that this threat required us to build up reserves of foodstuffs. But neither the committee nor I had enough authority to overcome the inevitable inertia, the factional and personal rivalries and the outright opposition which we encountered.

One of the chief difficulties, for example, lay in the attitude of the tradesmen. They refused in these early months of the year to lay in stocks for two or three weeks unless they were given an assurance in advance that they could sell at whatever prices they wished in the event of a scarcity. They feared price control, and they demanded that the authorities finance the laying in of supplies. No solution to this

problem had been found by either the Jewish Agency or the Vaad Leumi, to which it was referred. But even if financing had been available there were no warehouses organized to supply the scattered Jewish districts of the city. New local stores would have to be established, new guard systems for the warehouses and transport between them, and a system of rationing and price control unpopular as these might be.

We could count on the railroad even less than on the highway to Tel Aviv. There were daily sabotage and looting and nightly attacks by armed Arab bands. In one instance, they stole five freight cars of canned milk destined for the British Army. No one was arrested. The loot was attractive. It involved little risk. Sometimes Arabs leisurely transferred goods from a derailed train into their trucks. Our pleading with the British authorities to let us provide escorts on the trains was completely unavailing. During the 1936-39 disorders, the Arabs had tried the same game and it was stopped quickly by the employment of a few hundred Jewish supernumerary police. But now the British refused to do this; their own energies were too completely concentrated on their sea blockade of our coast, the hunting down of immigrants who managed to slip through the blockade, and interference with our efforts to defend ourselves and establish an economic base for the new state envisaged by the United Nations.

The situation on the highway to Tel Aviv, which was our lifeline, was no better. At first there were occasional spasmodic efforts to clear the road by British military action for a few days at a time. But these soon petered out. The British authorities refused to drive the armed bands out of the hills which controlled the road, to convoy and pro-

tect traffic themselves, or to allow us to arm our convoys. It took several months before they gave up confiscating the arms of Hagana convoys and before they allowed the Jewish supernumerary police, who were paid by us, to use their eighteen armored cars to patrol the roads.

So by the end of March it was clear that the problem would be solved by Jews or not at all. I was in Tel Aviv on April 10 for a meeting of the Zionist General Council and to attend personally to some supply and convoy problems. My journey from Jerusalem had been full of portent of the new trials ahead. We traveled in an armored bus which was fired on by Arabs. At one point, the bus and the convoy stopped and through the peepholes I could watch our armed escort climbing the hillside to drive off an Arab band which was attacking us.

At ten o'clock that night I attended a meeting of the Jewish Agency Executive over which Ben Gurion presided. He outlined the security situation and expressed the fear that Jerusalem was likely to be completely cut off from the rest of the country for weeks or months. He was aware of what my committee had done to prepare stocks for the city. But the position was still unsatisfactory. In consequence, Ben Gurion continued, Jerusalem was in a state bordering on hunger. The last food convoy, not a large one, had taken ten days to reach Jerusalem. The Arabs had concentrated their forces around the city. We had succeeded by dint of a great effort in freeing the road, but food was not brought in. There seemed to be no prospect of getting food, as there was no one person responsible for dealing with the problem. There were no trucks, no drivers. He doubted whether Jerusalem had enough food for a fortnight. He was afraid that our struggle to open the road would have been in

vain if matters were not put right. We must get the food by force if there was no other way, and there must be someone responsible for this. The frame of mind of people in Jerusalem gave him cause for concern. Jerusalem was not an easy city from the point of view of the composition of its population. The spirit of the people was of prime political significance. If we did not see to it that Jerusalem got a large-sized convoy of food within a couple of days, our military effort would have been wasted.

I intervened here to explain the difficulties. Truck owners would not risk their trucks going to Jerusalem unless they were insured against damage or destruction of their vehicles. Wholesalers would not supply food if they were not guaranteed against loss by enemy action or price control. There was a shortage of vehicles since Tel Aviv had been cut off by the British from Haifa and the north as a punitive measure for certain terrorist acts, and many Tel Aviv trucks could not return from Haifa.

Ben Gurion continued: Could we make an *ad hoc* arrangement so that it would be possible to confiscate, to expropriate, to enlist vehicles and men, to give guarantees that vehicles lost would be paid for, to do everything necessary to get the convoys to Jerusalem? We had to make two decisions at once. First, we had to find a man to carry the responsibility with full power to make decisions. Second, we must appropriate 100,000 Palestine pounds (in 1948 the value of a Palestine pound was \$4.82) and an appropriation without a cent in cash would not do. This man must have authority to assume financial obligations, to requisition vehicles and enlist drivers.

It was then decided that I be given full powers to procure the necessary supplies for Jerusalem and to get them

there. Power to requisition, furnish guarantees and give undertakings would be in my terms of reference. If truck drivers had to be conscripted with their vehicles by Hagana, this too would be included in my authority. Ben Gurion then asked, Would I be prepared to assume this responsibility? I answered in the affirmative. "At once?" asked Ben Gurion. "At once," I answered, and we both understood the words literally.

THE TASK was placed squarely on my shoulders. I had full and unlimited powers. Others could and would advise me and had been doing so already. But the burden of decision was now mine alone, and on those decisions might well depend the issue whether Jerusalem would be part of the Jewish state that was to come into being in one month's time. The Eternal City of my people, founded by King David nearly three thousand years ago, was in peril. Twice it had been destroyed, once in the days of Nebuchadnezzar two and a half millennia ago, and again by the Roman general Titus in the year 70. Its people had been driven forth under the bloody spur of the Roman conquerors. For nearly two millennia it had languished, while they were in exile praying for its welfare in an anguish of longing. Now, after two generations of backbreaking toil and courageous effort, it was being won back again. Jerusalem was once more in danger and I was called to the duty of trying to assure its safety and welfare.

For years I had not been a formally religious Jew who prayed three times a day with his face turned toward the ruined wall where the ancient Temple stood. The modern world had claimed me for its own. Nevertheless, I had lived most of my life in Jerusalem and had devoted most of my waking energies and a large part of my dreams to

the restoration of the nationhood of my people. I think that for many of my generation these activities took up and sublimated the spiritual demands which other Jews had for so many centuries satisfied by prayer. But at that moment I felt the wings of Providence fluttering over me and my whole being became a prayer that I should succeed in my task.

It was nearly midnight, but committees were still in session. I went to the offices of the Sherut Haklali, of Tel Aviv, an emergency volunteer group made up of older Hagana members not liable for active service. I asked for a room and sat down to work with several of their ranking members. I sent at once for the top officials of the Jewish Agency's transport department and for certain Hagana men.

The first thing was to make a quick survey of all food supplies in stock in Tel Aviv, with lists of wholesalers and their supplies. The transport men were given the job of assembling one hundred trucks, using Hagana men if necessary to requisition them. I drew up a preliminary list of supplies we needed in Jerusalem, and details were worked out of how to get them. If we could receive the consent of owners, well and good; if not, we would requisition them, dividing the burden fairly among the wholesalers. It was two o'clock in the morning before we had mapped out the first job and assigned everyone to his share of it.

Jewish legend tells us that when our patriarch Jacob was about to cross the brook Jabbok, with the dark angel with whom he had just struggled behind him and his brother Esau waiting for him with murder in his heart on the farther bank, he still did not neglect to ferry the small and imponderable things over the stream. And such imponderables counted in our discussion that evening.

"What about cigarettes, Dr. Joseph?" asked one of the committee, just as we began to breathe a sigh of relief that the long list approached completion.

"Cigarettes? It's food we need. It would be criminal to waste three valuable tons of load on cigarettes."

"You say that because you are a non-smoker, Dr. Joseph," he demurred stoutly.

I realized that I was in a dilemma and that, no matter how right I might be on logical grounds, I was hardly in a position to judge. I did not smoke, but most Jerusalemites did. So I called in five smokers from the next room and put the question to them very bluntly.

"Are we entitled to use up convoy space and risk the lives of men just to send cigarettes to Jerusalem?"

The answer was unanimous. "Send some cigarettes!"

I was surprised at the verdict of this impromptu jury, but the cigarettes were included. Only later during the siege, when I saw even respectable residents of Jerusalem scanning the sidewalks and gutters for cigarette butts, did I feel convinced that a correct decision had been made.

The next few days my time was taken up with forming a working committee in Tel Aviv of loyal men who were deeply concerned for the fate of Jerusalem. This committee would draw against the Jewish Agency in purchasing supplies and in taking over trucks in which to convoy them. None of the negotiations turned out to be quick or easy. One large wholesaler, I remember, was willing to recognize the priority of Jerusalem's need for his supplies, but he wanted some security for the six thousand Palestine pounds involved. This was a large sum in those days. I needed the supplies badly and at once. He wanted either cash or a promissory note by the Jewish Agency. I explained that I could not furnish

such a note quickly. He looked obstinate.

"All right," I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you my personal note, and if we both live through the war I'll pay you."

The effect was extraordinary. I thought he was going to have a fit as he started to protest in a purple rage. At last I got the drift of what he was trying to say. Who wanted notes? My personal word was good enough. Who asked for notes? Who said he was not as good a Zionist as anyone else, anywhere in the country? Jerusalem was as much his as it was anybody else's.

In most instances, we got what we needed without having to use too much pressure. But it all took time and patience, and time was one commodity we could neither buy nor requisition.

I WAITED until news came that our first convoy had reached Jerusalem safely. But when I wanted to go myself, to push the Jerusalem end of my new job, I was told that the road had been cut again and that Hagana would not allow any vehicles to pass until a new operation had been successful against the Arab villages which blocked the route. But I had to be back in Jerusalem, and the fact that the road was cut only made this more urgent. Special arrangements were therefore put in hand to get me there. In the same fix were Yitzhak Ben Zvi, the president of Vaad Leumi and later to be the second President of Israel, and the late Rabbi Meir Bar-Ilan, leader of the religious Zionists throughout the world. We were taken in a Piper Cub plane to the Dead Sea. Such a load in a small aircraft was neither comfortable nor very secure. We touched down on a small improvised airstrip near the potash works on the northern shore. There we were to join a convoy which traveled without interference by the Arabs because the

British were interested in the potash getting to Jerusalem smoothly, to be transported thence by rail to Haifa for shipment on to England.

By the time we arrived, that day's convoy had already set out, and we were lodged overnight in the worker's camp. The men were eager to hear our story of developments in Tel Aviv, and we were moved by the account of their experience, isolated as they were in an Arab environment. They had sweated and toiled for years to get the potash works going and they were determined to keep it in operation and to defend it to the last.

The next morning we were accommodated in a light armored car belonging to the company, cooped up very uncomfortably with some workers who also had business in Jerusalem. Our escort was a guard of British police who were friendly with the potash workers—so the latter told us. This gave us a feeling of security. The rest of the convoy consisted of a number of trucks loaded with potash and the vehicle carrying the British escort.

We rode along smoothly enough until, some seven miles from Jerusalem, the convoy stopped with a jerk. Presently we heard someone knocking on the rear door of our armored car. We looked through the peephole and saw that it was a British policeman. We opened up. He told us that an Arab gang had set up a roadblock and established a strong point beside the highway. The officer in charge of the convoy was at that moment negotiating with the leaders of the gang to allow the vehicles to pass. He warned us that if the Arabs found out that there were Jewish leaders in the convoy it would be impossible to get through without a battle. We were heavily outnumbered. He therefore warned us that no matter how long we had to wait we should keep out of sight. We were not to risk

detection by even getting near the peephole.

It was a bad moment. We could not go forward nor could we reverse, for the Arabs had selected the spot for their block with great skill and the road was too narrow to reverse the convoy. Our lives depended on the British guard and their good will and good faith. We had plenty of solid reasons to suspect both. Relations between

us and the British were very strained and every British policeman was thoroughly acquainted with the anti-Jewish policies of his authorities.

The wait was only a half hour, but to us, self-imprisoned and apprehensive in the overcrowded, stifling armored car, it seemed like an eternity. At last the convoy moved on and we reached Jerusalem without further incident.



The Senegalese

By HOYT FULLER

TWO SPECTACULAR ADDITIONS had been made to the body of passengers aboard the Foch when I returned to the French ship after a day of wandering about Algiers. The first sight I beheld as I walked up the gangplank were several hundred African soldiers, all crowded together rather like cattle on the prow. They had been relieved of duty after two years in the Algerian War and were bound for French African ports. The soldiers wore winter-weight, olive-drab uniforms that desperately needed naphtha baths, and the uniforms were garishly garnished by shirts, socks, ties and shoes of assorted colors and styles. Twenty-four hours earlier I had sailed from Mallorca after a year's residence, during which I had come to suspect that the omnipresent Spanish soldier was the world's least military. But, compared to these French African troops, the Spanish soldiers seemed in retrospect as martial as hand-picked hussars.

The second diverting sight aboard ship was the Senegalese.

I did not see him immediately. I stood awhile on deck watching the milling soldiers and wondering where and how so many men would eat and sleep. It was when I started below to my stateroom that I saw him. He came swaggering along the deck, looking like a defiant personification of an outrageous caricature of a Negro conjured up by an especially malicious Mississippi cartoonist.

He had the anthracite color of his race, with undertones of blue in the ebony skin, and his bulbous little eyes and nose might have been stuck as an afterthought on his apple-round face. He wore an orange-red turtle-neck sweater and a tan plaid suit cut in the Italian style, featuring squared shoulders, brief jacket and trousers that hugged his legs like ballet tights. His shoes were cinnamon suede, pointed and as immaculate as a mannequin's. He was short, but extraordinarily muscled, and the characteristic Senegalese imperiousness gave him the air of a particularly pugnacious gamecock.

He smiled as he approached. Thinking the smile was meant for someone behind me, I turned to see. There was no one. Only Europeans leaning over the railing, watching the activity on the pier. Then he was before me, holding out his hand, dazzling me with the healthiest-looking teeth on the breathing side of a toothpaste ad. The wide smile that almost never left the round face could be—I was to learn—as deceptive as it was compelling.

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We shook hands vigorously.

"Hello," he said in English, his voice high-pitched and sing-songy. "You American boy, yes?"

He did not speak English well, and the few phrases and sentences he was able to construct were inordinately punctuated with the word "boy." Since I knew more French than he did English, we talked in French.

He asked the usual questions. Where was I going, and why, and had I ever been in Africa before? I told him I was en route to newly independent Guinea, that I simply wanted to meet Africans and see Africa and find out for myself what they were like, and this was my first time on the continent.

He was, he said, Louis Guèye, a chemical engineer working in Algiers, and was on his way to his native Senegal to attend a professional conference at the old city of St. Louis.

"I been in America," he said, trying his English again. He named three places which, de-Gallicized, turned out to be Alabama, New Orleans and Kansas City. He said he had gone there with his father on business trips after World War II. He chose not to go into details, and I did not press him.

"My father is mayor of Dakar," he said.

That information impressed me. Lamine Guèye, the mayor, had been much in the French press in recent weeks. At this very moment he was playing host to eminent leaders from the French West African territories of Senegal, Sudan, Dahomey and Niger, sitting in Constituent Assembly at Dakar. They were meeting to draw up a constitution creating the Federation of Mali, named after the ancient West African empire. Perhaps, I thought, through Louis I might be able to meet Guèye and possibly even Leopold Senghor, Senegal's celebrated poet-statesman and deputy in the Parliament at Paris, a man whose poetry I had long admired. This was January 10, 1959. The Foch would dock at Dakar the morning of January 16 and I could spend the day in the city. I said what I was thinking.

"Bon!" Louis nodded. "Later I will give you my father's address. He will be glad to do what he can do for you. I think Senghor will be in Dakar."

THE GANGPLANK was drawn and the anchor hoisted, and now the launch tugged the ship from the pier. It was cloudy, darkness had crept in from the land, and the evening breeze, unwarmed by sun, chilled the open deck. In the city lights flickered on along the streets and in the buildings. Algiers, from the sea, is a giant hill with chains of buildings sliding down and spilling over on each flank. The Casbah, hung on one side, is a ravaged ruin in the daylight. At night all the city has the illusory glitter of a mound of brilliant jewels.

I asked Louis his opinion of Algiers, what his life was like there, and what he felt about the Algerian War still furiously raging in pockets in the mountains. He talked long, expressively, and a trifle loud, always smiling, the tiny eyes darting at passers-by. He did not like Algiers, not really. "I could never like any place ruled by the French dogs," he said. But his job was there, and his salary was good, and he would stay for a while. He said his wife was French but he did not love her, and perhaps

he would divorce her on his return to Algiers and marry his Arab lover. "Sidi is traveling with me to St. Louis," he said. "She is a white girl too, you know. Beautiful. I will introduce you."

On the Algerian War he was passionately partisan. The French Army and the *colons* had committed unspeakable atrocities against the Algerian people, and the world did not know of it because the French Government suppressed all the facts. He had many friends among the Arabs who were secretly fighting the French in Algiers, and he helped them in any way he could. Even with all the rest of Europe and America aiding the French, the Algerians would win eventually. One way or another. There was no way now to permanently keep the Algerians from gaining control of their own country. "It is a thing you will live to see," he assured me, widening the smile an extra millimeter. "Not only in Algeria, but in all of Africa, the white man's days are numbered. In twenty years we will have all of them out, except the ones we want to work for us."

At length I interrupted Louis and made my excuses. I wanted to go to my cabin for awhile before dinner. Perhaps we could continue the discussion at another time. "Yes, I wish to talk with you about many things," he said. "Now I must find Sidi."

My cabinmates were a long-legged, sprightly white-haired Canadian bachelor named Johnson and a short, square, wry-humored Frenchman named Bouvet. Both men were lounging in their bunks when I entered the cabin, Mr. Johnson reading a Philip Wylie pocket-book and M. Bouvet thumbing through a copy of *Paris Match* purchased in Algiers. I had seen both men, each alone, in the city during the day, Mr. Johnson stalking along uncertainly, hands jammed in his pockets, an expression of grave concentration on his finely-molded face, M. Bouvet strolling with amiable bulldog nonchalance in streets he knew very well. The Frenchman was, he said, a business representative of a firm with interests in all the French African port cities. He was highly critical of both Americans and Africans and liked to malign them, but not, for some reason, in the presence of Mr. Johnson, although the Canadian spoke and understood virtually no French.

I had encountered M. Bouvet in Algiers in the morning while en route to the Casbah with two gentle young Africans from the ship. M. Bouvet had just come from the Casbah, he told us, and the gendarmes would allow no one to enter. Persuaded of this and characteristically wishing to infract no rules, the two Africans suggested turning back. To be agreeable, I consented. However, during the afternoon, when Ibra and Keita had returned to the ship for lunch, I entered the Casbah with no difficulty at all. I informed M. Bouvet of this.

"Ah," he grinned slyly. "The gendarmes could see you are an American. The Arabs will not harm Americans. Your country is giving them guns to kill the French."

The third-class dining room was a cheerless, claustrophobic room, small and low, with a ceiling of ivory-painted air and furnace pipes and two portholes for windows. It was furnished with eight oblong tables for eight affixed with benches, mess-hall style. A small, semicircular counter in the corner served as bar and store for both third-class passengers and crew, although most passengers preferred to use the second-class salon. The

single door opened off a narrow passageway and was directly opposite the always untidy kitchen. The room's appearance, unfortunately, matched the food, an insult to the vaunted reputation of French cuisine. The room also suited the elaborately indifferent service provided by a droll French sailor and a wiry, gray-haired African with a talent for good-natured impertinence.

Third-class passengers were served in two shifts, and my cabinmates and I ate on the second one. Ours was a colorful assortment of humans. A table for two just inside the door was reserved for a flannel-robed Arab woman of tawny hue and late middle age and a sun-faced African pygmy the size of a 10-year-old at the calculated age of "around thirty." A third of the other diners were French soldiers, in and out of uniform, bound for Abidjan. There were three bearded priests in white flannel cassocks, two nuns, and several French families. Five of the people at my table were soldiers. Besides myself, the civilians were M. Bouvet and a grotesquely disfigured young Frenchman with a face that looked severely burned and twisted and only two normally developed fingers on each hand.

WHEN I went in to dinner that evening I saw that Louis and his Arab friend had been added to the motley assemblage. The girl, while perhaps less "beautiful" than Louis had proclaimed her, was undeniably attractive. She was petite and shapely, with hair almost as bright a red as Louis' sweater, and she had great, inscrutable black-rimmed eyes. They sat together at the table in front of the bar, facing the rear of the dining room, and were in the direct line of vision of fully half the diners, including me, everytime we raised our eyes from our plates—which, I noted, was now considerably more frequent than before.

I was surprised to see Louis in the dining room. I had not really thought about it, but I suppose I had assumed he was traveling in more comfortable surroundings. After all, he was only going from Algiers to Dakar, and he was an engineer and the son of the mayor of one of Africa's principal cities. Apparently he too felt some explanation was necessary for he raised the subject at his first opportunity. He called me to his table on my way out, introduced me to Sidi and launched at once into his reasons for being in so plebeian a setting. "I'm traveling third-class because I'm taking along my car," he said. "It's in the hold. A Dauphine. Costs as much as a passenger, you know."

"I don't blame you at all," I said sympathetically. "It's only sensible to save money."

Louis invited me to have a beer, and I accepted. "What you think about this girl?" he asked in English, crushing Sidi against him. "She beautiful girl, yes, boy?" Sidi, understanding the import if not the words, blushed prettily, fluttering thick-lashed hazel eyes. I said she was indeed a bit of all right. "I got many such girls in Algiers, boy, in France also," Louis said. Then he thought of something he wanted to tell me and reverted to French.

"On many occasions I have passed as an American in France," he said. "My English is not very good, but people who don't speak English at all don't know that. These French people are stupid. In Marseilles and Toulon I often posed as an American."

He was rather pleased at this, so I asked what advantages the deception brought him.

"The women!" he beamed, hugging Sidi playfully. "They like American black men. I tell them I'm American and they swarm around like flies."

Louis did not look like any American Negro I had ever seen, but I recognized this meant nothing. I had often heard American whites say that all Negroes look alike to them. Possibly this was also true of the French.

"But being an American black man really comes in handy in the bars and nightclubs," Louis went on. "They do not want Africans in the places. I tell them in English, 'I not African, I American black boy, from Alabama,' and I get in everytime."

"You mean," I said, somewhat aghast, "that there's racial discrimination in bars and nightclubs in France? I saw Africans in such places all over Paris!"

Louis laughed. "Paris is not Marseilles and Toulon. It is a different story once you leave Paris."

This line of talk had little appeal for Sidi. She squirmed out of Louis' vise, smiled an apology and left. As she undulated out of the room, Louis slapped me on the shoulder and winked. "Beautiful girl, boy. Beautiful girl."

Several African non-commissioned officers came in to buy beers and, at Louis' invitation, joined us at the table. They all seemed interested in meeting an American Negro and asked where I was going. However, they proved rather unresponsive when I told them Conakry. One soldier, a Guinean, seemed actually embarrassed. I asked him to tell me about Conakry, but he apparently knew very little about it. "It is a nice city," he said. He had not been home since the country voted itself independent of France in September, 1958, he said. He was now being mustered out of the Army and had no idea what he would do. I asked if he could recommend a hotel in Conakry but he knew nothing about hotels. At the first opportunity he took his beer and quietly drifted to the bar where another group of Africans had gathered.

"You work for the American Government?" asked a burly, jovial Dahomeyan.

I told him no.

"You got a job with Sékou Touré?"

"No," I laughed. "I'm simply going down to Guinea to see what it's like."

"Ah!" he grinned, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together significantly. "Then you are rich!"

Louis ordered another round of beers. When I tried to reciprocate, the Africans would not permit it. "No, you are our guest!" declared the good-humored one, throwing a heavy comradely arm about my shoulder. After hearing answers to a stream of biographical questions, however, he soon lost interest in me and joined the group at the bar. The remaining soldier, a serious, mustached Ivory Coast corporal, ordered another round of beers. He had been silent and watchful much of the time but now wanted to discuss what was on his mind.

"Do you know why the Guinean soldier did not know about the hotels?" he asked.

I confessed I didn't.

"He is an ordinary man. In Africa only Europeans and government people know about hotels and such things. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said.

"Have you been in Paris?" he asked after a moment.

I said I had.

"There are many American black men in Paris," he said searchingly.

I agreed that there were many American Negroes in Paris.

"They are not friendly," he said. "They pass you on the street and pretend they do not see you. Why is that so?"

I said I did not know—if, indeed, it was true.

"It is true," he declared with quiet emphasis. "I lived in Paris two years, and my brother is now a student at the Sorbonne. The American black men never stop to shake hands and talk. Why? Don't they know we are brothers? It is necessary to be friends."

This was discomfiting, and my French was not really up to a complex sociological reply which, in any case, would have been pulling straws. I had no answer for him. I simply looked embarrassed, as I was, and shrugged a disclaimer of personal guilt.

LOUIS ended the tension. He ordered more beer and plunged into a description of his apartment in Algiers. "Decorated in the smartest fashion," he said. "Everything direct from Paris. My wife selected the pieces. She is Parisian, you know, and has excellent taste."

Then he was struck with a great idea. "Look," he cried. "How would you like to come to Algiers to visit me for a week or two?"

I said I would like to visit Algiers but that the expense ruled such a visit unlikely.

"No, I will send you the ticket!" he exclaimed. "I will send it to Conakry when I get back to Algiers."

He brushed aside my protests, searching his pockets for paper and something to write with. Finding neither, he appealed to me. "I want your address in Conakry. I will send for you."

I loaned him my Parker ballpoint and gave him a calling card. I told him I did not yet know where I would be staying and that I could be reached through Poste Restante. He scribbled that down and then asked for another card on which to write his father's address. He also wrote a note on the card requesting that I be received and assisted as a favor to him. I thanked him and put the card in my wallet.

"Would you like my uncle's address in Conakry?" Louis asked suddenly. "He can help you find out anything you want to know there. He is head of the Post Office."

"Yes, of course," I said. "I don't really know anyone in Conakry. I have only a couple of names from Paris. Perhaps your uncle would be able to advise me."

He wrote another name and address on a new card I provided.

I swallowed the last of my beer, shook hands with Louis and the corporal and started to go. Then I realized my pen had not been returned. I asked Louis for it and he said he had already given it to me. We both looked in

our pockets without producing it. "Well, it certainly can't be lost," I said, as amiably as the situation warranted. "You had it only a moment ago."

"It must be in your pockets someplace," Louis said. He then got up from the table to speak to a soldier at the bar. The matter, for him, was closed.

The corporal stared first at Louis, then at me. There was neither surprise nor sympathy in his eyes.

I turned and left the room.

Among the passengers on board the Foch were an American Negro political scientist, Clyde Williams, his French-born wife, Lucie, and their baby, Carl. The Williamses were en route to Kano, Northern Nigeria, where Clyde would remain for a year observing the effects of self-government beginning in March in that Moslem-dominated region, the largest in the Nigerian Federation. Lucie and Carl would return in the fall to Swarthmore College where Lucie was professor of French. They were second-class passengers and spent some of their time in the salon. I found them there after dinner. We were talking quietly when Louis and Sidi entered, Sidi wearing hip-hugging green lounge pants and black blouse. Louis waved in our direction and herded Sidi on toward the bar. I asked the Williamses if they had met Louis. They had.

"Quite a character," Clyde said.

"He is a little spectacular," Lucie said discreetly.

I told them what had happened to my pen and they smiled noncommittally. It was, after all, a serious implication. The Williamses guided the conversation into safer channels.

While we talked I occasionally glanced across the room at Louis. He was irrepressible, forever in motion, physically or verbally, bouncing from one group to another and dominating the conversation wherever he alighted, often by plain shouting. His voice stabbed the ears, his hands smote and carved the air.

The Europeans in the salon also found Louis distracting. However, there was little curiosity or humor in their regard. Rather, they glared at him with an intense though impotent loathing. It was as if the vain and ebullient Senegalese embodied all that white men hate and fear in black men.

And Louis, conscious of their muted hatred, drew it to him, draped it about him like a cloak, warmed his frozen ego by its heat and voltage. Here in essence was the dilemma of Africa: that these white and black human beings, thrown together in this space, their past, their present and their future inextricably joined by History, nevertheless found it impossible to negotiate the simple acts of humanity that would have made them no longer strangers. The roots of their mutual alienation reached so deep and fastened so firm that not even the threat of doom could shock them free. That colonialism was only a chapter in the timeless saga of man's brutality to the human spirit was a truth its heirs dared not teach and a truth its victims had no desire to learn. The Europeans, blinded by an emotion compounded of pride and guilt, would not recognize in Louis a creature fashioned by their own greed and ruthlessness. And Louis, embittered by rejection, tormented by the shame and degradation

of his blood, would go on dreaming of racial vengeance, oiling the gears that keep in motion the cycle of hate and fear.

IN THE next two days I made it a point to avoid Louis. As the ship plowed westward through the Straits of Gibraltar and on toward Casablanca, I spent much of the time talking with Ibra Kassa, one of the young Africans with whom I had gone into Algiers. Ibra was returning from studying in Paris to take up a job in the treasury department at Abidjan. Small and wiry, he was similar in size to Louis but the Senegalese's opposite in almost every other respect. He was soft-spoken and retiring, with alert, listening eyes and an amiable, reflective manner. He wore rimless glasses and looked an African version of the mild-mannered clerk. But the quiet facade shielded a quick, perceptive mind and a formidable intellect. His information relative to the political and economic history of French-speaking Africa was encyclopedic, and he had in his possession a small library of pertinent books and pamphlets. In studying world history, he had been especially attentive to America's political and economic development, and his knowledge of American literature was astounding. He discussed Faulkner and Wright with insight and clarity worthy of an American literary historian.

Eventually I raised the subject of Louis. As with other African subjects, Ibra approached it with great caution. And, as with everyone he mentioned by name, Ibra made his reference as positive as possible. "Louis is very young," he said of a man his own age, "and perhaps he is enthusiastic."

Was Louis to be believed in all the things he said?

Ibra saw no reason to doubt Louis generally. "Perhaps he exaggerates a little bit."

I did not mention the incident of the disappearing pen.

On the second morning after Algiers the Foch docked in Casablanca harbor and I spent the day in the city. A friendly Frenchman met at a sidewalk cafe drove me on a tour through the villa-thick sector now largely inhabited by U.S. Air Force personnel and along the white deserted beach. I walked through the bustling medinah near the pier and tramped through the old market quarter. In the heart of the city I saw M. Bouvet with one of the French soldiers in civilian clothes. "What do you think of this city?" M. Bouvet asked.

During one of his tirades against Africans, M. Bouvet had thrown in Moroccans for good measure. Like the Africans and the Algerians and the Tunisians, Moroccans were stupid and lazy and owed everything to the French. Prior to Morocco's independence, he and his family had lived in Casablanca. But, of course, they had to leave. French businesses could not remain with the government in the hands of barbarians. The city was dying since the French left, and I would see for myself when we got there.

It was obvious that many businesses were closed in Casablanca but, not having seen the city under French control, I still found it beautiful and exciting. I told M. Bouvet so.

"No, it is nothing now," M. Bouvet insisted. "I have just come from the

Dragon d'Or, the best Oriental restaurant in all Africa. But *le patron* fears he will have to close. No customers. All the French have gone."

I gestured toward the flourishing shops. "But there are still businesses here," I said. "Look around you."

M. Bouvet shook his head, grinning slyly. "Ah, yes, the new businesses. They are all owned by Americans. Since the war the Americans have been coming here in droves. The Americans run Casablanca now."

A few moments later I saw Louis in the middle of the street, making inquiries of a Moroccan policeman, one of a brightly uniformed force who must be among the handsomest and most courteous police officers in the world. Louis saw me and waved. I nodded and continued on my way. On the curb I passed an Arab woman in white robe and veil, her dark eyes staring familiarly. It was with a start that I realized this was Sidi, waiting for Louis.

That evening after dinner, with the ship moving southward on the three-day voyage to Dakar, Clyde Williams approached me in the salon. "Here is your pen," he said. "Louis asked me to give it to you."

I asked what had been Louis' explanation.

"He said he had drunk too much beer and didn't remember putting it in his pocket." Clyde added: "Quite a character!"

With the return of the pen, Louis apparently assumed the rupture in our camaraderie to be automatically healed. The following morning he collared me on my way from the dining room and asked if I had received it. He briefly repeated the drunk excuse and then dismissed the whole incident. "I want you come listen hot discs, boy," he said. "I got pick-up in cabin. Fine music, boy. Belafonte. You like Belafonte?"

I said I did.

"I got many Belafonte discs," he said. "You come listen."

I said I had something else to do but that I would come and hear his music some other time.

Shortly after lunch he found me alone on the deck, leaning over the railing and trying to sight the African coast through the milky blue haze. I had seen neither land nor a passing ship since Casablanca, and only a school of porpoises cavorting around the ship had relieved the monotonous calm of the voyage and the sea. "You come listen music now?" Louis said. "I think you like, boy. Very fine music."

The simplest solution seemed to be to go along and spend a few minutes listening to records—and Louis. We descended to third-class and he led me to a cabin at the opposite end of the corridor from my own. He rapped on the door and a feminine voice inside said, in French, "Come in."

I HAD assumed the voice was Sidi's but when we entered the stateroom I saw instead that it belonged to someone else. A thin African girl with whom I had seen Sidi on deck was sitting on the lower bunk. She looked surprised when she saw me and put aside the pencil and pad she had been using. She wore a bandana, a housecoat and bedroom slippers. So, Louis and Sidi did not share a stateroom! Was this due to prudence or sensitivity to official regulations? Sidi was there also, lying in the upper bunk, a hand to

her forehead. When she saw me she tried to raise up but, groaning, fell back on the bed. "Excuse me," she murmured. "I am a little bit sick."

I apologized for bursting in on them, silently cursed myself for having surrendered to Louis' entreaties, and turned to leave. Both girls protested, insisting they were put to no discomfort. Even the music would not bother them, they insisted. Meanwhile, Louis had already gone to the other end of the stateroom and was arranging the record player under the porthole.

I chatted for a few seconds with the African girl. Her name was Fanta, she was a secretary in Dakar and was returning from a vacation visit to Algiers. She had been practicing shorthand when Louis and I came in.

"Come see discs, boy," Louis called.

I went to his end of the stateroom as bidden. There was an expensive looking leather record carrier packed with long-playing albums. The case matched that of the player itself, an attractive machine. Louis extracted several albums and displayed them on the table. Some were of French and South American popular singers and musicians with whom I was not familiar. There was a Sammy Davis Jr. album and one each by Louis Armstrong and Harry Belafonte. All albums were affixed with small stickers bearing the name, "Louis."

"What do you want to hear first?" he asked in French.

I said it didn't matter.

"Not Louis Armstrong!" he said in English, frowning in distaste. "He big clown-boy. I see him in Paris. No like clown-boy Louis."

He put the Sammy Davis Jr. album on the turntable. "He fine boy. I like."

He listened appreciatively through a few bars, cocking his head. Then he began talking, almost shouting, all but drowning the singing. He lifted the Belafonte album cover and examined the picture on it with an air that suggested he had done so many times before. "Nice boy, Belafonte," he said. "I know Belafonte in Paris." He asked if I had ever met the singer, and I said I had been introduced to him when he visited the office where I worked in Chicago. This interested Louis very much. He dug out several other Belafonte albums and studied the pictures on them. They all showed Belafonte as being a rose-tan color. Finally Louis asked if Belafonte was a Negro. He asked the question in French, with deliberate casualness, as if the answer—whatever it would be—could only confirm what he already knew.

I said that in America Belafonte was a Negro.

Louis was silent a moment. Then, with the same studied nonchalance, he asked if Clyde Williams was a Negro. Clyde is what Negroes in the South sometimes term "muddy-yellow," the color of sun-bleached clay. I said that Clyde was also a Negro. "And his wife?" I said that Lucie was white, a native of France. "*Ah, elle est française!*" he exclaimed, nodding his head, the fact of her French origins apparently explaining the phenomenon of her union with an American Negro.

At this point a knock sounded on the door. Fanta opened it to admit a nun. The Sister spoke to everyone, said something sympathetic to Sidi, and settled on the bed beside Fanta. They talked in low, confidential tones. It seemed a splendid opportunity to take my leave and I proceeded to do so. "Don't go" Louis whispered, winking toward the nun. "She is trying to con-

vert Fanta to Catholicism. She has been annoying Fanta since Algiers. We are all Moslems. The stupid Frenchwoman is wasting her time."

I said goodbye and went to my own cabin.

FOR the remainder of that day and most of the next I saw Louis only at meals. I spent much of the time in my cabin reading material loaned me by Ibra and Clyde and, unavoidably, chatting with my cabinmates. Mr. Johnson, especially, had to be contended with. He liked to talk and, since he knew only a few words of French, aimed much of his conversation at me. He had retired from a Toronto bank, had sailed on to England, and now was en route to Johannesburg by way of French West Africa, Nigeria and the Central African Federation. He would debark at Dakar and travel overland to Nigeria. Time did not matter. It was only important that he be back in London at Christmas, 1959.

M. Bouvet slept more and talked less, but felt compelled to periodically air grievances against the villains of his life. "Why are Americans always boasting?" he asked, referring to American tourists observed at Bordeaux. I suggested, tauntingly, that it might be because they have so much to boast about. "Bah!" he growled. "We have automobiles, houses and refrigerators in France also. The difference is that the French don't waste their money on frivolous things. They put it in the bank."

Like Mr. Johnson, M. Bouvet was leaving the ship at Dakar. Since he knew all the French port cities, I asked him about Conakry and its facilities. He gave a rundown on the city that, though unflattering, later proved rather exact. He recommended a hotel and a restaurant which I found adequate and reasonable, something none of the Guinean soldiers had been able to do. "But Conakry is a city without imagination, laid out like a box," he complained, abusing the French-planned city as if its ugliness was further proof of the inability of Africans. "Conakry is a terrible place. The worst in French Africa."

My next encounter with Louis occurred in the salon where I had joined the Williamses after dinner. The room was nearly filled, for the closer the ship sailed to Black Africa the freer the African soldiers moved about the salon and decks. They gathered in groups and at the bar, singing, arguing, horsing around. The civilian passengers remained aloof from the Africans, their exaggerated disregard testifying to their acute awareness. But their mask of indifference invariably dissolved whenever Louis appeared. He entered the salon now, with Sidi, wearing his fire-engine sweater.

Louis beamed a greeting at us as they passed, and a few minutes later returned to our table alone, having deposited Sidi with Fanta and a group of African soldiers. "Good evening," he greeted us in his inimitably happy way. "You are well, yes?"

We invited him to sit down. "For small time," he said in English. We talked at random, as the feeling was general that Louis had something on his mind. He became uncharacteristically quiet, the round little eyes darting from Clyde to me. Finally, with no sign of embarrassment, he said: "You two are very handsome. You are like Belafonte, only Belafonte looks more like a woman. Africans are not big and broad-shouldered like you. When

the white men came to Africa they took away all the big strong men and left behind only the puny ones. That is why we are so small."

Lucie, concerned that Carl might awaken in the dark cabin, went to look in on him. When she had gone Louis said he thought her a very fine woman. So unlike most whites. Then, drawing his provocation from private sources, he harangued the white race. "They have spread evil all over the world, everywhere they set their rotten feet."

"Are white people really so bad as all that?" Clyde asked reproachfully.

"Yes, yes, nearly all white people are dogs!" Louis nodded, keeping the wide smile on his face.

"Well, don't you think that racism is just as objectionable when indulged by black people as when practiced by whites?" Clyde asked.

Louis dismissed Clyde's reasoning with a chesty laugh. Abruptly, he decided it was time to rejoin his friends. He said goodby, got up, and strutted across the room.

The next day was the date of the traditional ship's gala, and the mood became festive toward evening. I had spent a rather grueling hour or so after lunch with an English-speaking Frenchman who had been to Norfolk and Mobile and who was intent upon sympathizing with me over racial oppression in the United States, and I headed for the salon and a cognac when the session was over. The Williamses were talking with a French administrator traveling to Cotonou, so I sat with Ibra and an African soldier. Africans were more numerous than ever in the room and those Europeans present seemed for the occasion more relaxed among them. Voices were raised a few octaves above normal, and Louis', unsurprisingly, was clearly distinguishable from time to time. It rose from the direction of the bar where the crowd was several layers deep.

There came a sudden roar from the bar that softened the general din. Then Louis' sharp voice stung the near-silence like an angry wasp. "Shut up!" he shouted. And though the salon was soundless he repeated the words viciously. "Shut up!"

A bearded, middle-aged Swiss journalist charged through the ring around the bar, his face beety with rage and humiliation. He stalked across the room to where his friend the French administrator was sitting with the Williamses. At their invitation he sat down.

The soldier at our table went to find out what had happened at the bar. He reported that Louis simply had disagreed with the journalist's views on Africa, and the ensuing argument was climaxed by the commands we all heard.

The journalist was sailing to Conakry but, on the advice of his French friend, arranged at Dakar to by-pass Guinea. He was told that conditions were generally disorganized in the country since the departure of the French and that it would be safer to continue on to Abidjan. I wondered how much Louis' display of hostility had influenced the journalist's decision not to go to a territory governed entirely by Africans.

After dinner Louis appeared in the salon looking especially dapper in a gray suit, a girl on each arm. Sidi wore a white sheath and Fanta a gayly flowered print. Louis found a table and made a series of trips over the room

—to speak to friends, to order drinks, to buy cigarettes. He stopped to ask if I was going to attend the gala and I told him I had planned to read. "Come, I buy champagne," he urged. "We have fine time, boy." I promised to seek him out if I changed my mind.

The following morning the Williamses reported that Louis was in top form during the festivities, culminating in his arresting performance on the ballroom floor with a spirited cha-cha-cha with an African soldier.

I DID NOT talk with Louis again until the morning the Foch docked at Dakar. A considerable percentage of the European passengers were leaving the ship, my cabinmates among them, and the passageways and stairs were choked with luggage and traffic. To keep out of the way until the bustle had subsided, I sat on Mr. Johnson's now-deserted bunk and watched the activity on the pier through the porthole. M. Bouvet was out but Mr. Johnson was there, seated at the desk, fussing with the police landing card he had been given the night before. He had reached the question inquiring into his marital status and seemed stumped. He kept rubbing his forehead and tapping his pen on the desk. Finally he solicited my opinion. "What should I write here?" He asked. I suggested that he write simply, "Not married." He considered that a moment and apparently decided against it. "How do you say celibate in French?" he asked, with not a hint of a smile.

I said goodbye to Mr. Johnson and mounted the steps to the deck. Several great ships were docked in berths of the mighty harbor, and the white modern skyline of the city loomed impressively beyond. Near the gangplank I saw Louis, giving instructions concerning his luggage to two African porters. Sidi stood beside him. She had changed again into her white robe and veil, and her dark eyes peered bewitchingly from their window.

When Louis saw me, he came forward, extending his hand. "Ah, I had been looking for you," he said in French. "You must call on my father today. I will not be at home for I am leaving directly for St. Louis. But he will be at your service. You have my uncle's address in Conakry, and you will receive a letter from me within the week."

Louis paused a moment, his eyes fastened on mine, the broad grin on his face. He gestured his head toward the city. "You are really in Africa now, my friend," he said. "Someday soon perhaps you will return here. The white man will be gone, and it will be great."

He shook hands and returned to the top of the landing. Sidi, going before him, raised a pale arm and waved farewell. I waved back to her.

"She is nothing but a prostitute, you know," a familiar voice behind me said in French. I turned to find M. Bouvet, valise in hand, smiling roguishly.

"Oh," I made a sound of surprise. "Are you sure?"

"Of course," he replied. "They all are."

I spent most of the day in Dakar with the Williamses, walking over the exotic city, visiting the U.S. Information Service center and trying to avoid the enervating heat. Much of the walking was done in a futile effort to locate Leopold Senghor whom the Williamses also wanted to meet. The search led to the modernistic territorial assembly building where the Mali Federation

meetings had been in progress and through the palm-bordered government center.

Louis would have seemed far less spectacular had I first seen him in this environment, I realized. The busy streets and teeming markets abounded with faces similar to his. Everywhere the blue-black men in shorts and robes and their proud, graceful, rainbow-costumed women ambulated along, self-assured and incontestably at home.

We failed to find Senghor, and I made no try at seeing the mayor. A phone call to his office determined that he was in conference. There was not, in any event, much time.

Weeks later, however, I spent several days in Dakar awaiting a plane connection to Lisbon, and time was not a problem. I decided to visit Lamine Guèye's home, intending only to pay my respects and depart. I took a taxi to the address Louis had written on my calling card. It was a four-storey building in a crowded but clean neighborhood not far from the pier. On the third floor I found the door with the name "Guèye" engraved on a brass plate and rang the bell. I was surprised when a pretty young blue-eyed blond Frenchwoman opened the door.

I introduced myself, explained how I came to call unexpected, and presented the card with Louis' message on it. The lady read the card and smiled. "You have the wrong address," she said.

"This is not the home of Lamine Guèye?" I asked, confounded.

She shook her head sympathetically. "Many people make that mistake because of the similarity in names," she said. "My husband is Louis Guèye, a lawyer."

She invited me to come inside while she wrote down the mayor's address and phone number, which she knew by heart. I waited in the cool and pleasant living room. A young African boy in white jacket was setting a table on the terrace under a mosquito net, and a little girl, blonde and blue-eyed like her mother, played alone on the floor. When Madame Guèye brought the paper with the mayor's address written on it, I thanked her and left.

Walking down the dark stairwell to the street I could only chuckle, recalling the image of the fantastic little Senegalese. I had no clue to the reason for the wrong address. Possibly he had at some previous time plucked it from a phone book expressly to use in a bizarre and deceptive game. I wondered anew just how much truth there was in all Louis' stories. Not much that was provable, in any case. That morning at the pier he had gone down the gangplank and climbed into a taxi, not bothering to collect the Dauphine supposedly in the ship's hold. The postmaster at Conakry did not answer to the name on my calling card, and the man had never heard of Louis Guèye. Chances were better than even that Lamine Guèye had never heard of him either. But I would make no effort to discover Louis' relationship with the mayor. It did not really seem so important. While finding that out might have revealed Louis as not what he claimed to be, it would not have changed in the least the meaning of what he was.

TO KING CANUTE

By HELEN NEVILLE

Sire, when you essayed
to halt the heedless tide,
did you not remember
the bare boughs of December,
the ice that held the pond?
Or the sad steady gaze
of summer days?
Or thunderstorms that shook
your castle's cellar and roof?
Royal Fool, your crown's askew,
your sceptre's at your feet,
your robes are dashed with spit
from ocean's laughing fit . . .

And yet I have a vision
of men inside a prison;
and one who strikes his chains
against a wall of stone;
and one who stands upright
in the dungeon of his height;
and one who sings a song
to celebrate his lungs.
And while I know that these
attitudes aren't keys
or sticks of dynamite,
I have a sense of space
filling a little place.

I think of other men
so hopeful of their skin
they fancy it can win
immensities beyond
the ceilings of its bond.
And if, like Icarus,
they topple from the sun
in a mess of ruined wings
into the self-capped sea,
there's a wry honor here,
a crippled victory.
Failure thus absolute
can be a crown.
For he who seeks to tear
his web proves something more
than that it's finely drawn.

So let me kneel, Canute—
Failed Monarch of the Sea,
poor Sovereign whom the waves
defy and foul—
before your sinking throne,
in futile homage to
the skies of your defeat,
the legend of your frail
imperfect Majesty.

Notes in Midstream

By SHLOMO KATZ

Bezku turno

TWICE DURING the past year Nikita Khrushchev visited the U.S. His visits will be long remembered for many things he said and did. In my mind they will always be associated with two images of the Soviet dictator—K outraged by a can-can dance in a Hollywood studio, and the same K, a year later, banging his desk at a meeting of the UN General Assembly with one of his shoes, while his satellites grinned with delight.

Was he clowning? Were these calculated acts? We are already on the downhill side of the twentieth century, in the post-post-Freudian period and it is by now common knowledge that there is no genuine clowning and no true calculation, that he who *feigns* insanity most convincingly is in fact most nearly insane.

When K ranted against the can-can dance, he was not putting on an act. He really felt outraged. It was *bezku turno*—uncultured. True blue enlightened proletarians do not act that way and do not enjoy such sights. How do revolutionary proletarians behave? What do they enjoy? They behave modestly and discreetly. They enjoy "clean" fun. All day they work and build socialism. In the evening they rest in the bosoms of their families. They drink tea and calmly but with conviction they discuss revolutionary principles with neighbors. On weekends they go to Parks of Culture and Rest. What is culture? Culture is polite

behavior, respect for one's superiors, modesty in dress and language, avoidance of indulgence. Culture is Victorian morality. Culture is a hospital regime where one eats only healthful foods, one drinks only water, one takes one's medicine on time and in prescribed dosages, then one lies down to rest in order to regain health and strength. Health and strength are good because they enable one to become socially useful and to enjoy cultured living.

When K later gave a derisive imitation of a can-can dance at a meeting with American labor leaders, he was quite sincere. He was condemning vulgarity and immorality. He was not pretending to be a shy Bolshevik. He was being a true Bolshevik. For a moment it seemed that he was about to blush and that he was on the verge of raising his index finger and reciting: "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." That he didn't do so was probably an oversight.

How does all this square with the Khrushchev we know, the man who as a Stalinist henchman has uncounted lives on his conscience, and in his personal tastes is not known as a teetotaler? It squares exactly, if one uses the right T square. The Grand Inquisitor privately doesn't even have to believe—but under no circumstances can he tolerate heresy or disbelief in public. His pious rage at infidels is as genuine as his personal atheism.

The Khrushchev who pounded his desk at the UN with his shoe is there-

fore not in contradiction to the one who blushed with indignation at the sight of the can-can dance. The UN is an arena of international conflict, and there other methods are "cultured." Who does not recall the harrowing scene in Dostoevski's *The Possessed* when the local revolutionary genius decides to undermine the "pillars of society" as a prelude to an uprising by causing a scandal at a ball (a combination ball, reception and concert sponsored by the local nobility to raise funds for a worthy charitable cause and to improve the tone of local society). The hall was packed with drunken rowdies who behaved not unlike K at the UN. They caused a near riot. The fond parents who brought their young daughters to introduce them to society fled in shame and terror.

The revolutionist in *The Possessed* failed. His followers fifty years later succeeded, and when they established themselves in power, what is it they offered the community? The same reception-ball-concert, with the same definitions of what constitutes culture and good manners, the only difference being that it was the Commissar who sponsored the ball instead of the Governor's wife.

Khrushchev at the UN did not contradict Khrushchev in Hollywood. At the UN it was necessary to undermine bourgeois democratic morality in its parliamentary form, just as in Hollywood it was necessary to reject unequivocally bourgeois decadence in the name of Bolshevik neo-Puritanism.

It is probable that Khrushchev failed at the UN. Nearly a score of African nations came to the UN for the first time. Like the middle class ladies in *The Possessed* who had carefully prepared for the great social event, these new countries had long yearned to be received as equals in the assembly of

the free countries of the world. This was their first visit. Their flags were still fresh. Their anthems almost untried. It is not likely that they were grateful to Khrushchev for transforming their coming out party into the society of independent countries into a tavern brawl, or that they will soon forgive him this humiliation.

But K himself was consistent, on both occasions. Did he act *bezkulturno*—uncultured? Not by Bolshevik standards.

Jewish Education

JEWISH EDUCATION, like the poor, is always with us—as a problem. No other problem pertaining to Jewish life in America has been the subject of so many studies, surveys, reports. Statistics on Jewish education have been compiled, analyzed, studied, broken down. In the end we know no more than we knew in the beginning.

What is known can be summarized quickly. Most Jewish parents want their children to have some kind of Jewish education. A large percentage of Jewish children receive no Jewish education at all. Most of the others get minimal instruction of some kind, in Sunday Schools or in afternoon schools twice or three times a week. Teachers in Jewish schools are generally underpaid and poorly qualified for their work. During the past couple of decades Jewish education has deteriorated to a process of preparing boys for Bar Mitzvah, and vaguely conditioning them to become members of congregations after they marry and set up families. Other blurred attitudes are cultivated; for instance, that one should be "proud of one's people and one's heritage," one should be *for* Israel, etc.

Whenever some new survey reveals the pathetic state of Jewish education, the press erupts with a spate of editorials to the effect that things are bad

and that we must therefore united and with redoubled efforts, and shoulder to shoulder face this grave problem... These editorials are often garnished with fine rhetorical flourishes about spiritual values, and our great heritage, and meaningful Jewish existence.

One question is seldom if ever asked. What is Jewish education expected to accomplish? This avoidance of the crucial question is probably the clue to the sad state of Jewish education.

There is some proof for this supposition. Only one group among American Jews has substantial accomplishment to its credit in Jewish education—this is the ultra-orthodox camp. They alone have succeeded, with little means, in establishing a sizable network of day schools. They, too, are the only ones who have a clear idea what it is they want to accomplish. They want to bring up their children so that they should be observant religious Jews, dedicated to the fulfillment of all the 613 commandments. They are not interested in the Hebrew language as such, or in Israel, or in the nature of Jewish destiny (except as this is explained in traditional orthodox terms). They do not particularly care whether a graduate of their schools knows Jewish history, past and present. But they do expect their graduates to know and to observe all the rules of *kashrut* and the laws governing the Sabbath. Having such a clear program, they obtained measurable results in terms of this program.

But what of all the Sunday and afternoon schools where most of the children go? What are they after?

It is easy to conclude what all these part-time schools do not aim to accomplish. They do not try to make the Hebrew language a "second language" of Jewish children. A curriculum based on a mechanical reading knowledge (with the prayer book as a basic text) is not geared to attain this

end. They certainly do not seek to bring up a generation of *Halutzim*. Nor do they consistently prescribe any well-defined code of religious observances.

Having no clearly defined objective, is it any wonder that this educational system (if it may be dignified with the term "system") flounders along and gets nowhere.

Yet the problem is not an academic one. Nearly every Jewish parent is confronted with it, realizing vaguely, or not so vaguely, that depriving the child of such an education will be a great hindrance in his later development as an adult.

This problem acquires edge when one confronts it personally. Sometimes ruses are resorted to. I know of numerous Labor Zionists, for instance, who tried to solve this problem in the case of their own children by attempting to turn the wheel of history backward. Dissatisfied with the skimpy curriculum of the afternoon Hebrew schools, they sent their children to Orthodox day schools, even though they are confirmed secularists themselves. The logic was simple. They had been given a thorough Jewish upbringing by Orthodox parents. When they grew up they discarded the orthodox beliefs but retained the other elements of their Jewish education. Why not repeat this process here? They overlooked one small matter that is crucial in child education—sincerity. Their parents had been genuinely orthodox, whereas they introduce a double standard into the lives of their children when they send them to a *yeshivah*. The child is taught one thing in the religious school and then sees these teachings disregarded at home. What frequently happens is that the children develop a negative attitude toward everything they are taught.

There thus remains for the non-

orthodox the unsatisfactory afternoon Hebrew school. It is difficult to develop enthusiasm for it. Personal experience with it is sometimes distressing. Last *Yom Kippur* I had occasion to visit a children's service at a neighborhood congregational school. The children were suitably dressed and maintained remarkable decorum as befitted the day. The young teen-agers conducted the service—the younger children listened and participated in the responsive readings. Then the Torah was unrolled and the reader began—with a description of the sacrificial procedures employed two thousand years ago. The children were "good." They sat quietly. But of what interest or value (positive) was it for them to hear how a bullock was sacrificed in the Temple, and how the priest went about the process.

Was this just a single case of exceptionally poor choice of reading matter for the children's service? Perhaps. And what if the subject matter had been more appropriate? How much of the Hebrew reading could the children understand?

I have a nine-year-old son. This year he expressed a desire to attend Hebrew school. (In the preceding two years there was a battle which ended in something less than a draw in his favor.) He was enrolled in a neighborhood Temple school (Conservative) because that is virtually the only type of school available for him. For his writing exercises he was given a notebook that is standard in Hebrew schools. And this notebook was a bit of a revelation (to me, not to my son). The notebook has a blue cover with a picture of Maimonides on the front cover. The inside of the back cover has some prayers. The outside has poems. First comes *Hatikvah* ("We have not yet lost our hope... to return to the Land of our Fathers, to the city where David

dwelled...") and then an old Zionist song, "There, in the land loved by the Fathers..." all sorts of wonderful things would happen. Except that this song was slightly altered—instead of "there," the word "here" was substituted. Thus all customers are satisfied. The Zionist parents have *Hatikvah*—and even a member of the American Council for Judaism could not object to the second song.

When I pointed out this discrepancy to a friend "in the know," he explained that, first of all, this is the version of the song as it is used in Israel, and secondly, it was probably a printer's error which nobody caught.

I am not worried that my son will notice the discrepancy. He is not likely to learn enough Hebrew in a three-times-a-week school to understand what the print on the cover says. I am also convinced that this discrepancy is unintentional—and therefore doubly revealing. So-called Jewish education in this metropolis—and elsewhere—hasn't decided what it wishes to say to my son, and to many thousands of others like him—whether *Hatikvah* or *Poh b'eretz hemdat avot*. The results of this confusion and lack of direction have been long evident and will become still more so.

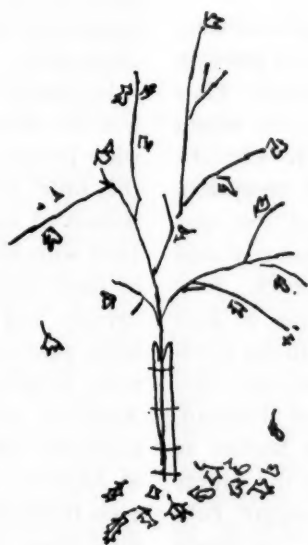
It might therefore be a sensible plan that, before embarking on any more surveys and studies and analyses, those organizations charged with Jewish education should call a conference to discuss and answer one very simple question: What does Jewish education seek to accomplish? Does it seek to implant religious beliefs and practices? In that case, which beliefs? Orthodox? Conservative? Reform? Or does it seek to give the children a Hebrew vocabulary of about a hundred words so that in case they visit Israel when they grow up they could order a meal in a Tel Aviv restaurant? Or are they

simply being prepared for Bar Mitzvah and a big catered dinner and *baruch sheptorani*—thank God this business is out of the way!

Of course, there are other possibilities. They could be truly educated to know, to understand and to be familiar with such concepts as *Galut* (exile), and *Kiddush Hashem* (sanctification of the Name), and *Geulah* (redemption), and *Maschiach* (Messiah), and many others.

In any case, there should be agree-

ment on a couple of essentials. 1) That Jewish education is important for Jewish children if they are to be prepared to face the world they grow into. 2) That this education must have a definite objective. When the children grow up they can, if they wish, choose other objectives. 3) That it is unfair and harmful to the children to foist the confusions of their elders upon them. Better leave them untutored than subject them to a mass of contradictions and confusions.



Alliance Israélite Universelle: 1861-1961

By JOSEPH B. SCHECHTMAN

IN 1861, six French Jews gathered in Paris to establish an organization which they named *Alliance Israélite Universelle*, an international union to serve the interests of Jews throughout the world. Without realizing the full implications of their action, they became the spiritual progenitors of the idea of world-wide Jewish unity. Their motto was *Kol Israel Chaverim*—all Jews are brothers. Their emblem was a globe encircled by two clasped hands, topped by the Tablets of the Law and the word *Echad* (one).

The young founders of *Alliance* were thoroughly assimilated French Jews, in the positive sense of this term. They belonged to a generation for whom emancipation was a reality. The *Alliance* met with a mixed reception. Orthodox leaders acclaimed the new organization in the hope that it would draw the assimilated French Jews closer to the religious masses of East Europe, while contributing to the amelioration of the conditions of their life. The Hebrew writer, Kalman Shulman, hailed the founders of the Society as "miracle men," and one of the pillars of orthodoxy, the Slutzker *maggid*, Zebi Hirsh Deinow, called them "the heads of the exalted and holy *Alliance*." But, at the same time, many emancipated rabbis and writers condemned in print the concept of a world wide unity of the Jewish people. It was argued that assertion of international Jewish soli-

darity was bound to jeopardize the integration of French Jewry with the French nation. And, in fact, anti-Semites did label the *Alliance* as the villain of the "international Jewish conspiracy against the Gentile world." Even as late as 1905, Count Lamsdorf reported to Czar Nicholas II that the revolutionary movement in Russia was being "actively supported and partly directed by forces of universal Jewry" centered in the *Alliance* of Paris, which possesses gigantic pecuniary means, disposes of enormous membership, and is supported by Masonic lodges of every description.

In historical perspective, the *Alliance* was the first secular herald of world-wide Jewish unity and, for a long time, the only Jewish international organization of mass character. It started in 1860 with 850 members, eighty percent of them in France; by 1870 the membership was 13,370. In 1875, recruited from practically every country in Europe, as well as from North and South America, Asia and North Africa, it numbered 20,000. Until the emergence of Zionism, no other Jewish body had even remotely matched this record. Annual dues were fixed at a minimum of six gold francs, and the great number of subscriptions did not exceed this amount.

As a result of the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine to the Germans after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, the

Alliance lost almost half its members from Alsace-Lorraine, and considerable financial support. Several projects emerged simultaneously to divide the organization into a number of "National Alliances." In 1871, the Anglo-Jewish Association was created; in 1873, the *Israelitische Allianz zu Wien*; and in 1901, the *Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden*. The first two usually worked in close cooperation with the parent body, while the *Hilfsverein* went on its own way. None of these ever assumed, or even claimed to have a universal Jewish character. They remained essentially British, Austrian or German corporations. In 1900, after almost three decades of existence, the A.J.A., whose guiding principle was "loyalty to our faith and country," numbered thirty-six branches; twenty-one in England proper and fifteen in the "colonies"; today only the London headquarters remain. The *Hilfsverein*, which prior to 1914 had 25,000 members, went down to 14,000 in 1937, and was forced to disband in 1941. The Vienna *Allianz* ceased to exist in 1938 with the Nazi occupation of Austria.

ALLIANCE membership on the eve of World War II had reached 40,000. When the Germans occupied Paris in May 1940, its offices were transferred to a hotel room in Vichy. A skeleton staff succeeded in re-establishing contact with most of the *Alliance* institutions in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Iraq, Iran and Egypt. Letters were dispatched and received, either by the diplomatic pouch of neutral countries or through intermediaries residing in Switzerland, or even through the Apostolic delegation in Teheran, which forwarded the messages from the *Alliance* directors in Iran to the Apostolic nunciature at Vichy. Also of great assistance was the International Red Cross. From 1942, the *Alliance* was

constantly on the move until the liberation of Paris in September, 1944. There, the new President of the *Alliance*, Professor René Cassin, together with a dedicated team, started the process of restoration. On November 11, 1945, the reconstituted and broadened Central Committee proudly announced:

The *Alliance Israélite Universelle* survived the catastrophe. Numerous are the gaps in its ranks; its financial resources are dwindling. But it is animated by a rejuvenated spirit... The *Alliance* has, from its very inception, announced its universal character. Its seat was France; its founders French; the influence of the French culture was prevalent in its schools... Nevertheless, the *Alliance* was universal because—first, and for a long time the sole universal organization of Jewry—it recruited its adherents everywhere where Jews were concerned with the plight of their unfortunate co-religionists; because it extended its activities to all countries where it was needed; and because its ideals transcend the national frontiers and the framework of states.

There is now a world-wide network of groups affiliated with the work of the *Alliance*. The "American Friends of the *Alliance*" in the United States and the "Canadian Friends of the *Alliance*" cover the North American continent. Groups function actively in Latin America, Africa and Europe.

Initially the *Alliance* was essentially an organization for political action against anti-Jewish prejudice and discrimination. It pledged to "defend the honor of the Jewish name whenever it is attacked; to combat... the ignorance and vice generated by oppression; to work... for the emancipation of our brethren who still suffer under the

burden of exceptional legislation; to hasten and solidify complete enfranchisement." This program was vigorously implemented at a time when there was no precedent for the use of international diplomatic channels to intercede for Jewish interests. Yet even the earliest political activities of the *Alliance* were free from the stigma of traditional *shtadlanut* (dependence on personal connections of influential Jews with dignitaries of a state). The *Alliance* leadership approached state governments and international Congresses directly whenever Jewish rights were involved. The record of such intercessions is impressive. The year of its foundation, the *Alliance* protested to the Italian Government in the case of the forced conversion of the Jewish youth, Mortara. In 1861, and again in 1868, it pleaded with the government of the Czar for the sixty-three Jews of Saratov accused of ritual murder. Concerted action to combat Swiss discrimination against French-Jewish businessmen resulted in a concurrent refusal by France, Belgium, Italy and Holland to renew their treaties with Switzerland as long as this discrimination was maintained. An *Alliance* delegation appeared in 1878 before the Congress of Berlin in behalf of Rumanian Jewry, and in 1880 before the Congress in Madrid, in the interests of the Moroccan Jewish community; later, in 1906, the *Alliance* successfully pleaded the cause of Moroccan Jewry at the Congress of Algeciras.

Politically, the *Alliance* in the 20th century has no longer played the exclusive, or even the leading role. The emergence of the American Jewish Committee (1906), the American Jewish Congress (1917), *Comité des Délégations Juives* (1919) and the World Jewish Congress (1936) as well as the political efforts of the Anglo-Jewish Association, have reduced the status of

the *Alliance* to that of just one of the several Jewish bodies active in the protection of Jewish rights. The *Alliance* leadership has gracefully accepted this *capitis diminutio*, and has cooperated with other Jewish organizations to secure the legal position of Jewish minorities.

HOWEVER, in matters pertaining to the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, the record of the *Alliance* has been a mixed one. As early as 1870, they founded the first modern Jewish agricultural school in Palestine, Miqueh Israel, which is today the foremost agricultural school in Israel. The Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917 was welcomed by the *Alliance* leadership. In the spring of 1918, Professor Sylvain Levi of the *Alliance* Central Committee accepted membership in the Zionist Commission which was to advise the British military authorities in Palestine on the implementation of the Balfour Declaration.

It was Sylvain Levi's performance that indicated the negative attitude within the *Alliance* toward Palestine. An outstanding Orientalist, Professor Levi made several study trips to India, Japan and Indochina, and reconstructed some of the little known ancient Hindu dialects; he published a vast encyclopedia of Buddhism and a number of standard works on the religions of the East. To the *Revue des Etudes Juives* he contributed articles on questions relating to Jewish and Indian sciences. Yet, he never attempted to learn Hebrew and did not even once go to Palestine as did other members of the Zionist Commission. He attended the Versailles Peace Conference as the representative of French Jewry, together with the Zionist delegation headed by Dr. Chaim Weizmann. In a twenty-minute speech, after paying a tribute

to the Zionist idea and to achievements in Palestine, he went on to belittle the ultimate aims of the movement, stressing the difficulties of their implementation, and casting reflection on the character of Eastern European Jewry. He was the last Jewish speaker on Palestine, and he left a harmful impression. The situation was partly saved by the United States Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, who, by addressing a question to Dr. Weizmann, gave him the opportunity to point out that the Zionists were fully aware of the great difficulties ahead but that it would be easier for the Jews to overcome these obstacles than to continue their present existence. The cause of the Jewish National Home won the day. Sylvain Levi was elected president of the *Alliance* the following year, and this cast doubt on the true attitude of the *Alliance* leadership toward Zionism.

In August 1946, the *Alliance* joined ten other Jewish groups in a memorandum to the representatives of twenty-one nations, gathered in Paris to negotiate peace treaties with Rumania, Hungary, Italy and Bulgaria. Two months later, they formed, together with the American Jewish Committee and the Anglo-Jewish Association, a permanent "Consultative Council of Jewish Organizations," which was allotted a consultative status by UNESCO, UNICEF, ILO and the Council of European States.

Since 1870, the *Alliance* has increasingly concentrated on the portion of its original Manifesto which called for "encouraging the pursuit of useful handicrafts... and the intellectual and moral regeneration of our brethren." The principal objects of its educational effort were the Jewish communities in the Near and Middle East, the overwhelming majority of which had lived for centuries in abject misery. The *Alliance* established a network of schools

to make modern training available to Jewish children. No tuition was required from those unable to pay; textbooks were given free of charge; and the needy received free meals.

The beginnings were modest. In 1862, a school for boys with twenty pupils was opened in Tetuan in Morocco. In 1870, the entire *Alliance* network comprised only fourteen schools. By 1890, forty more had been set up, and from 1890 to 1920, one hundred-and-sixteen schools were added to make a total of one hundred-and-seventy schools. The Balkans, the Near East and the Middle East were dotted with educational institutions of the *Alliance*, which markedly raised the cultural level of Jewish communities in these areas; frequently they were the first to introduce modern secular education, especially for girls. "The task was not easy," recalls André Cuenca, Director of the *Alliance* schools in Iran. "Many Iranian Jews opposed such innovations as modern schools. This opposition was especially strong with regard to education for girls... But perseverance overcame the opposition and practically everywhere schools were opened for girls as well as for boys." In 1957, girls constituted 46.4 percent of the pupils in *Alliance* institutions.

THE INFLUENCE of the *Alliance* effort was extensive. A correspondent of the *New York Day-Morning Journal*, who visited Iran in 1951, wrote:

Were it not for the *Alliance Israélite Universelle*, the last three generations of Jews in Persia would have been completely covered with the spiritually blinding and crippling dust that had shrouded the vast masses. The *Alliance* being until recently the only civilizing agent among the Jews, their physical, mental and cultural *niveau* is infinitely higher

than that of their neighbors in the same environment. If the mass of ghetto Jews in Persia use a knife and fork, know the benefits of soap, can read and speak a bit of Hebrew, a good deal more French, and their own native tongue—it is due to the *Alliance*.

It was the *Alliance* that checked and reversed in the last decade of the nineteenth century, a wave of conversions to Christianity among Iranian Jewry. At that time, English and American Protestant missionaries took advantage of the isolation, misery and lack of leadership among the Jews of Teheran, Isfahan and Hamadan, to convert some five hundred of them to Protestantism. Some of the converts did so in exchange for the promise of a job in a foreign company; others were influenced by the prospect of protection and aid. As a change of faith did not usually prejudice the convert's private relations with his family and neighbors, apostasy threatened to become endemic. With the appearance of the *Alliance* and the ensuing increase of Jewish self-awareness, the conversions practically stopped. In his authoritative *History of the Protestant Mission in the Near East* (1910), J. Richter sadly acknowledges that, "among Jews our fond hopes of the early days have not been fulfilled. . . . The close connection of the Jews with the Jewish world outside Persia and the munificent donations of the French *Alliance Israélite* made the Jews less accessible to missionary influence." According to local Jewish evidence, almost all the converts returned to Judaism.

It was, however, in the field of education that the *Alliance* was subjected to its most devastating criticism. The main reproach was that its educational network was of a notably Gaelic tinge and was used for the promotion of the

French language and culture, and, implicitly, French influence.

The *Alliance* leadership had repeatedly extolled the specifically French character of their schools, thus contradicting its professed concept of Jewish universalism. Théodore Reinach in 1914, stressed the role of the organization "in spreading the use of the French language and appreciation of our [French] civilization." The 1938 annual report insisted that "the French character of the *Alliance* schools is an essential element of our educational system." Criticism of this feature of *Alliance's* educational system came from two different quarters.

English and German Jews wanted the language of their respective countries to replace French as the language of instruction, and thus to strengthen British or German influence in the Near and Middle East. With the British Jews, the language issue was settled amicably by "give-and-take" arrangements. While in 1883 in the Tangiers schools, French was obligatory and English optional, in Sofia, where the *Alliance* institutions were financially helped by the Anglo-Jewish Association, the roles were reversed. In 1893, it was agreed that English was to become the main language in the *Alliance* school in Baghdad; it was also taught in the *Alliance* schools in Egypt and Morocco.

Much more demanding and vocal were the German *Alliance* members, and one of the reasons for the *Alliance* leadership's opposition to the emergence of *Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden* was that through it the German language and culture would be introduced to Jews in Palestine and other countries. The founders of the *Hilfsverein* have publicly admitted that their intention was to promote German influence and commerce in these areas. By 1914, fifty schools with 7,000

pupils were established or aided by *Hilfsverein* in Palestine and the Balkans, compared with ten schools with 1,800 pupils which the *Alliance* maintained in Palestine. In his study, *Hebrew Education in Palestine*, Sir Leon Simon soberly commented that the *Alliance*, the Anglo-Jewish Association and the *Hilfsverein* had all been "working along the lines conditioned not so much by any specifically Jewish aims, as by the outlook which its leaders derived from being assimilated to the culture of this or that European country." The Berlin *Jüdische Rundschau* accused the *Alliance* of being an agent of the *Quai d'Orsay*, while other sources asserted that Paul Nathan, the founder of the *Hilfsverein*, had been promised the protection and help of *Wilhelmstrasse*.

LEO MOTZKIN, in his report on Palestine to the Second Zionist Congress in Basle (1898), complained that in only six of the existing twenty-nine schools was Hebrew the language of education. He said: "The *Alliance* endeavors to introduce French influence into Palestine. We don't know the reason, and indeed we are unable to understand why the Jews of Palestine must be imbued with the French language. I can understand that they should learn French too, but not that French should become their language. It is, however, a regrettable fact that the Jewish intelligentsia in Palestine is using French more than Hebrew... In a Hebrew country, which is in time destined to belong to the Jewish people, each school should be a Hebrew school only." Motzkin indignantly related that in the library of Mikveh Israel, the agricultural school founded by the *Alliance* in 1870, only sixty-five of the 2,368 volumes were "of Hebrew content," the rest being French.

It is interesting to note that Zionist

leaders who were opposed to any language but Hebrew as a language of instruction, criticized the *Alliance* more severely than the *Hilfsverein*. On February 14, 1908, Ahad Ha'am wrote from London to M. Schenkin of Jaffa that he and his friends were "bound to oppose tooth and nail... the *Alliance* and its teachers, who saw no use at all in Hebrew... and to regard their system of education as worse than none." At the same time, although admitting that in the *Hilfsverein's* view, "the only bond that unites Jews is religious," he considered the *Hilfsverein* schools as "not so dangerous."

The *Alliance* school system was attacked in other countries as well for its lack of Jewish content. Martin Philippon, an author of pronounced assimilationist tendencies, wrote in 1907 that pupils in the *Alliance* schools were being subjected to the influence of "a culture which is completely alien to them, confusing, and often simply anti-Jewish... This system is bound to be sterile." And, in 1914, Rabbi David de Sola Pool told the Jewish Charities Conference in Memphis, Tennessee, that the purpose of the *Alliance* was "to spread everything French and nothing Jewish." He accused the *Alliance* leaders of "a definitely anti-religious attitude." Cecil Roth sarcastically stressed that Adolphe Cremieux, "notwithstanding his zeal for his persecuted brethren, had his own children brought up as Catholics."

The Central Committee of the *Alliance* strongly objected to the attempts at branding it as "anti-national." In a circular letter to its teachers, the Committee insisted that "those who had founded the *Alliance* wished to strengthen and enhance the national sentiment of their co-religionists." The letter did admit the existence of a "contemptuous attitude towards the Hebrew language, which some teachers

are endeavoring to instill in their pupils," and expressed "categorical opposition to such an attitude." The curriculum of the *Alliance* schools was, however, hardly conducive to the enhancement of Jewish consciousness. Only two to four hours weekly were assigned to Jewish history and religion and five to ten hours to the study of Hebrew, whereas five to ten hours were allotted to the language of the country; ten to fourteen hours to French in the first two grades and twelve to sixteen hours in the third and fourth grades. Most of the Hebrew teachers were local rabbis without knowledge of either Hebrew or modern pedagogical methods.

DURING RECENT DECADES, farreaching changes have taken place in the work of the *Alliance*. Its geographical scope has been narrowed considerably. Following the proclamation in 1923 of the Turkish Republic, whose constitution banned foreign organizations from taking part in the education of Turkish citizens, the *Alliance* was forced to suspend its activities there and its schools were converted into communal institutions. The almost total transfer to Israel of the Jewish communities of Libya and Iraq after World War II, reduced to near insignificance the *Alliance* schools in these countries. In Egypt, the *Alliance* was compelled to suspend its activities. The once vast educational establishment of the *Alliance* is now limited to North Africa (Morocco and Tunisia, where it maintains eighty-two schools with 32,262 pupils), Iran (thirty-four schools with 6,357 pupils), Israel (twelve schools with 4,554 pupils), Lebanon (six schools with 1,443 pupils), Syria (one school with 463 pupils) and Tripolitania (one school with thirty-eight pupils).

In Morocco, it had been the policy

of the *Alliance* to entrust religious instruction to local Jewish communities, and in 1950, of 35,638 children of school age, 5,450 (15.2 percent) still attended out-dated *chedarim* (elementary Hebrew schools). It was not until 1940 that the *Alliance* introduced religious education and the study of Hebrew into its own schools. By 1954, fifty-five of the *chedarim* had been closed and their 2,400 pupils transferred to regular *Alliance* schools.

In 1944, *Otzar Hatorah*, a Society for Youth Education in the Middle East and North Africa, was founded in New York by orthodox groups of Morocco and Iran who felt that insufficient attention was being paid in the *Alliance* schools to both religion and Hebrew. *Otzar Hatorah* now maintains a network of twenty-two elementary schools and three High Schools, with an integrated program of religious and secular studies and an enrollment of about four thousand. Half of the curriculum is devoted to religious studies. In all schools of this system with a full day program, students are provided with meals, medical care, clothing and physical training. Lately, emissaries of the Hassidic *Lubavitcher Rebe* have entered the Moroccan scene and claim an enrollment of some four thousand in the schools under their supervision.

In Iran, *Otzar Hatorah* has also established a school system comprising twenty-nine national religious schools, with 5,236 pupils in sixteen localities. In addition, since the teaching of Hebrew, Jewish religion and history is still admittedly inadequate in many of the *Alliance* schools, *Otzar Hatorah*, in cooperation with the American Joint Distribution Committee, has taken over religious instruction in thirteen *Alliance* institutions, supplying them with fifty Hebrew teachers.

SHORTLY AFTER World War II, the *Alliance* created a Hebrew Normal School in Casablanca, dedicated solely to the training of teachers in Jewish subjects for the entire *Alliance* network. Every year twelve to fifteen men are graduated from the Normal School, after acquiring a profound knowledge of Judaism and a solid background in secular subjects, including literary Arabic. This course also includes a full year of specialized pedagogical training and intensive study of the Talmud. The students at the Paris Normal School of the *Alliance*, who are being trained as teachers of secular subjects for the *Alliance* system, also receive a thorough Jewish education.

Less extensive is the study of Hebrew in the five *Alliance* schools in Tunisia, where 3,560 pupils receive only five hours per week of Hebrew education.

Another innovation is the introduction of the local language as the medium of education. In Iran, seventy percent of the basic curriculum is now taught in Persian, fifteen to twenty percent is devoted to the study of the French language, and ten to fifteen percent to religious education. In addition to teachers who have received their diplomas from the *École Normal Israélite Orientale* in Paris, established by *Alliance* some 90 years ago, the primary schools employ some three hundred teachers of Iranian origin and training. Teheran's two secondary schools which prepare young people for baccalaureate degrees have recently introduced English into their curriculum, so that their students now learn four languages: Persian, Hebrew, French and English. In the *Otzar Hatorah* schools, English is taught as the foreign language, and, with the increasing influence of the English language in their country, influential Iranian Jewish leaders are now urging that it replace French in the *Alliance*

schools. This demand is resisted by the leadership of the *Alliance*, bent on preserving French cultural positions. The concessions made to the modern trend in Jewry—increased study of Hebrew, Jewish history, the Bible—do not signify a change of heart; rather, they have been imposed by local circumstances and pressures, as well as by the obvious necessity to prepare prospective immigrants for life in Israel. Fundamentally, those who are shaping the policies of the *Alliance* have deviated only slightly from their belief that French education is best for Jews in the countries where the *Alliance* schools are still permitted to operate.

In North Africa, Arabic is increasingly dominating the cultural scene. In August 1957, André Chouraqui, head of the Department of Education of the *Alliance*, predicted that, "the day is not far distant when Arabic will be in the *Alliance* schools of Tunisia and Morocco, the language of instruction in all subjects." The Jews, "who until now spoke French both at home and on the street, will be obliged to change over to Arabic and instead of being integrated into a French-speaking community, will now be required to become attached to the Arab-speaking community." The March 1959 issue of *Informacion*, a monthly published by the Comité Algérien d'Études Sociales, reported that "Arabization of schools of the *Alliance Israélite* in Tunisia entered into a serious stage. The Arab language figures prominently in the program of the communal schools of Tunis. Committees and various cultural groups are organizing courses in Arabic for the youth and adults." The new Tunisian Government reproaches the *Alliance*-educated local Jewish leadership with being more French than Tunisian in culture and outlook. At a reception President Bourguiba gave to a number of Moslem

and Jewish dignitaries, Maitre Albert Bessis, representing the Jewish community, apologized for greeting the host in French: "For this, my education is to blame. I am certain that our children and grandchildren will speak Arabic as well as French... We are going to work for the complete integration of both elements of the population."

A WEEK AFTER the celebration of the centenary of the *Alliance*, it was reported that by October of this year, the *Alliance* schools in the major cities of Morocco (Casablanca, Rabat, Marrakesh, Fez, Salé), with about one-third of the *Alliance* pupils in the country, would be taken over by the Moroccan Ministry of Education and integrated into the State educational system; the *Alliance* is to continue supplying the teachers; it will also contribute three hundred million French francs yearly towards their maintenance. It is considered inevitable that study of the French language, which hitherto accounted for fifty percent of school time, will be considerably reduced in the nationalized schools. The ultimate official aim is to Arabize the curriculum so that eighty percent of teaching will be conducted in the Arabic language. Moroccan officials gave assurances that Hebrew instruction would continue in the nationalized schools. But last year, the teaching of Hebrew was "readjusted" and limited to reading the Bible rather than studying the language. This move—which is clearly due to pressure from Cairo and the Arab League—will undoubtedly result in further "adjustments." It is also inevitable that a much larger proportion of Moslem children will have to be admitted to nationalized *Alliance* schools.

The position of the *Alliance* in Israel has lately been considerably strength-

ened. Some 400,000 French-speaking, new immigrants from Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, the Balkans, Iraq and France, provide a solid basis for its twelve existing schools. French is also increasingly taught in the government school system. Last spring, a Franco-Israeli cultural agreement was signed in Paris, favoring French in secondary as well as in primary schools.

The *Alliance* has now remodeled the curriculum of its educational institutions in the Orient, has strengthened their Jewish content and is giving their pupils a fairly adequate Jewish cultural background. The Jewish community in France itself, numbering 275,000, the second largest in Western Europe, is badly in need of this type of educational system. At present, only some four hundred of an estimated 20,000 Jewish school-age children in Paris study in Jewish schools; another 1,300 attend Sunday School classes. About twenty percent of all children up to the age of fourteen do not receive any Jewish education; a bare five percent of children over the age of fourteen know anything about things Jewish. In the provincial Jewish communities, only eight percent of all school-age children get any Jewish instruction.

There is no authoritative and experienced national Jewish body in France that is willing and qualified to remedy this state of affairs. The *Consistoire*, which makes up twenty to twenty-five percent of the Jewish community, is on the decline; of its pre-war membership of 7,000, not more than 3,000 to 3,500 are now paying dues and only some 800 show up for elections; regular assemblies are attended by a mere 200. Immigrants from Eastern Europe are split into at least seventy-five different organizations; those from North Africa have several dozen organizations of their own. There is no concerted effort to

provide adequate Jewish education for the younger generation.

In the second century of its eventful existence, the *Alliance* faces a great challenge. Its present educational field of operation may soon be limited to Iran and, in a subsidiary role, Israel. The central emphasis will have to shift to France. The task ahead is, of course, far different from the one the *Alliance*

pursued in the Oriental countries, where its chief object was raising the general cultural standards of the Jewish communities. In present-day France, it is the level of *Jewish* education and culture that is in need of a constructive effort. With its integrated curriculum of French and modern Jewish subjects, the *Alliance* is well qualified for this assignment.



books and authors

THE SYMBOLISM OF S. J. AGNON

By ARNOLD J. BAND

IN AN AGE of mass media and monolingual masses, writers in languages which command limited audiences may well be doomed to relative obscurity. S. J. Agnon, doubtless the most vital Hebrew prose-writer of this century and perhaps of several centuries, presents a case in point. Although warmly acclaimed by critical opinion for almost half a century, Agnon is virtually unknown outside the Hebrew audience.

Until twenty years ago most Agnon critics adhered to the critical dictum of E. M. Lifshutz: Agnon was considered a twentieth-century reincarnation of an eighteenth century Hassidic raconteur. His tales, novelettes, and first novel seemed to be a categorical participation in the tranquil life of naive piety, totally oblivious of the spiritual agonies which racked so much of European culture. In 1933 Agnon, already in his forties, began to publish a series of short stories, radically modernistic in technique and disturbing in moral implication. Twenty of these stories, collected some ten years later under the title *Sepher HaMa'asim* induced a complete critical reappraisal. Initiated in the early forties by B. Kurzweil and D. S'dan, this reappraisal has shaped the current critical attitude toward the writer: it is now obvious that the pious contentment is a nostalgic dream of past glory and this the criterion by which Agnon measures the spiritual predicament of his own age.

Ambiguous, ironical, and paradoxical, *Sepher HaMa'asim* concentrates many themes and patterns which are treated more broadly elsewhere, and consequently provides an excellent introduction into the world of the writer. Even during a first reading the reader is struck by the

radical departure from straightforward narrative technique. Dream seems to merge readily with reality and symbol is more central than narrative line. With the textual critics we define "symbol" comprehensively either as any unit of literary structure that can be isolated for critical attention, or as thematically significant imagery including conceptual as well as spatial images. The specific meaning of any symbol is valid only in a given literary context or associative cluster and can be corroborated by instances of similar usage elsewhere. In that a system of symbols organizes a story or a group of stories, we can speak of symbolic structure. In our treatment of the symbolic structure of *Sepher HaMa'asim* we shall reverse the process of discovery by first outlining the structure evident in the entire collection and then demonstrating how this structure is operative in a specific story.

The hero of all twenty stories is an anonymous narrative "I", a literary creation which is *not* identical with S. J. Agnon. It is assumed that the narrator is a pious and learned orthodox Jew, an assumption which motivates the stories dramatically, and explains the narrator's acute distress during a past "dark night of the soul" when the belief in the omnipresent and personal God of Israel was neither complete nor satisfying. This distress is often symbolized by physical sickness, usually nameless and affecting the throat inducing aphasia. Communication is disrupted both with other people and with the narrator's home: he cannot find the right words, or make the last bus. Frustration, remorse, guilt, and chagrin are common. Both the narrator and certain other characters, most likely representing his *alter ego*, lose all will to resist harm, to write, to act, to protest, to pray, to prepare for holidays, and are easily distracted from any avowed purpose. Invariably, he faces the world

alone, on an empty train, on a lonely street, in a dark alley, and even in the presence of people he feels the sting of the outcast, "the superfluous man," rejected by officials and displaced by strangers. Time and again he is cut off from or locked out of those things which represent the sanctity and security of his ancestors: his prayer shawl, his seat in the synagogue, his home, his family, the feeling of spiritual satisfaction associated with holidays. It is no wonder, then, that he constantly loses his way in the city, his address, i.e. his identity.

Told in the past tense, these stories are almost all painful accounts of the narrator's attempt to recapture the naive faith of his ancestors or of his own childhood. Many stories, therefore, take place on religious holidays; many scenes, in the synagogue. The old age of piety, the period "before the war," is contrasted with the new era of vulgar, violent cities with their worldly and enlightened citizens, their impersonal and frustrating bureaucratic officials. Heroically, he tries to escape this nightmare. And escape is possible since God is not dead but, as the narrative quotes to a querulous acquaintance: "The Lord dwells wherever men let him enter." At times the search for sanctity is expressed by obviously religious symbols: going to the synagogue, prayers, the Torah, the Old City of Jerusalem, burning leavened bread, going home; and at times by other conventional literary symbols: washing clothes, washing the body, painting the apartment, answering letters.

○ F THE characters the narrator meets during the story, some are foils, some his *alter ego*; all, however, symbolize some concept which is thematically operative. The names themselves often convey the character's function: some are historical, like Isaac Euchel, Jacob Emden and his opponent Eybeschütz; some represent definite qualities:—Raphael Yedidia Hai, Hayyim Apropos, Gedalia Klein, Yekutiël Ne'eman; some are merely ludicrous—Mrs. Klingel, Mr. Ribeisen, Mr. Schreiholz. Several figures—Ne'eman, the old cantor, the old judge

—portray Moses, the proponent of the life of traditional law and custom. The narrator's dead grandfather appears as the voice of conscience out of the past. More often than not, these characters do not help the narrator in his predicament; at best they shed light on the predicament itself.

The search for wholeness does not pertain to the sphere of religious rite alone. Traditionalist that he is, Agnon entwines faith, observance, family, home, and self-analysis in the same recurring cluster of symbols. (In the works of Agnon, as in traditional Judaism, all human experience is a religious ritual.) Estrangement from family implies estrangement from the religio-ethical value of family. And just as in the sphere of belief God exists but modern man cannot muster the will to find Him, so in social relationships, man is his own Hell: often, in *Sepher HaMa'asim*, failure to love results in loss of way, loss of identity, even loss of children. Though the stories appear on first reading to be an impenetrable and amorphous mass of jumbled dreams and memories, once their symbolic structure is analyzed, each story and the entire collection display a remarkable coherence and organization. So tightly intertwined is the cluster of key symbols that the presence of part of the associative cluster assumes that the remainder is operative though not verbalized. This artistically tight and coherent cluster of symbols is both effective and meaningful because in the author's mind the cluster is still intact. Like the pomegranate in *Hatizmoret* "The Orchestra": "part of it had rotted but its seeds had not yet scattered."

The story *Hatizmoret*, in fact, is an excellent example of the symbolic pattern we have outlined. Aside from its artistic value, *Hatizmoret* is significant for the insight it provides into the writer's attitude toward his craft: the story is a denial of the possibility of spiritual redemption through art alone. Again the time is the day before *Rosh HaShanah*, the Jewish New Year, a period of atonement. All year he had been busy writing thereby neglecting other obligations

which he finally decides he must discharge on this last day of the passing year. He sets out to do three things, all symbols of cleansing or repentance: answer many letters, bathe himself, and take a haircut. Significantly, he fails to accomplish all these tasks. He cannot concentrate upon answering the letters (the Hebrew word for answering here *Teshuva*, also means repentance); it is no coincidence, however, that among the letters he finds a ticket to a concert to take place at night, on the very eve of *Rosh HaShanah*. The contrast between

traditional religion and art is immediately obvious.

To bathe, he goes to his grandfather's house (another symbol of tradition) but finds the door locked, as can be expected. His grandfather's old servant Tcharni (black, in Russian) returns from the market, opens the door, and prepares the bath. As the narrator waits outside, there pass by two figures which continue the religion-art antithesis posited in the very first lines of the story: "The Old Judge," representing Moses the Law-giver, whom the narrator tries to avoid; and little Ora, his relative, probably a symbol of the world of art. Both, incidentally, are actually externalizations of part of the narrator's psyche. Ora has a voice like a violin which has been crushed by a falling wall. She desires to hear the concert conducted by "the great conductor, the king of the musicians," clearly the God of the artistic world. In his distraction, the narrator forgets to give her his ticket.

Though the bath is ready, he refuses to enter it complaining of the hot water and the late hour. The path of true atonement is patently too much for him. Furthermore, since the sun was setting he had no time for his haircut. Arriving home after dark he meets his daughter (usually a symbol of his soul) who is embarrassed that he is not prepared for the holiday.

HERE dream and reality merge. One would expect the narrator to go to the synagogue at this point but no mention is made of it. Instead we learn that once outside the security of his house the stars seem to mesmerize him. Drawn by some mysterious force, his feet take him to the concert-hall, certainly the antithesis of the synagogue in this story. The orchestra—*Hatizmoret*—is a grotesque nightmare composed of people he had known in the former days. The "great conductor" never appears (the God of art does not exist) but each player plays by himself, tied to his instrument which, in turn, is tied to the floor: they are all prisoners of their art. Furthermore, they are all blind and probably deaf. Trying

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to escape, the narrator finds the door blocked by a man resembling "the Old Judge," the terrifying voice of obligation and conscience. Ominously he tells the narrator that the bath is burning and that he himself had written one of the letters which the narrator should have answered.

At the moment of extreme anxiety he suddenly finds himself in front of his house. As his daughter comes with a small candle, a blinding flame bursts from the furnace heating the bath. In the dazzling light he sees a figure stoking the furnace but he is not sure whether it is Tcharni or Ora. His Hell blazes: art is no way to redemption and he does not have the will to take the proven, traditional path. As the story ends he is alone in the dark, forlorn and speechless.

At times the quest is fulfilled, the predicament solved satisfactorily; at times the outcome is utter frustration or gnawing ambiguity. In either case, each story is a triumph of artistic illumination, of fixing in convincing verbal form the fleeting, multifarious hesitation of the traditional Jew—or, for that matter, "The Knight of Faith"—in the twentieth century. Only through extensive utilization of symbol and irony could Agnon convey the complexities of his "dark night of the soul." Ever conscious of his craft, he portrays his self-image as a writer in the story *Kishre Kēsharim*—Knots: returning from the binder's laden with bundles of books and clothing, the narrator struggles through the rain alone down an empty street, dropping packages, picking them up, trying to tie them together with a worn string, finally catching a momentary glimpse of his unified identity in the form of the two arch-enemies, Emden and Eybeschütz, running by together. In many senses, then, *Sepher HaMa'asim* can be subtitled: "A Portrait of the Artist as an Orthodox Jew."

Though many of Agnon's symbols are culled from the world of traditional Judaism, the reader will discern among them many of the stock symbols and symbolic structure common to many

writers of the past hundred years, particularly to those to whom the vague adjective "existentialist" has been applied. The comparison with Kafka is both obvious and frequent. And yet, the contrast between the two is highly significant: Agnon is more rooted than Kafka in a specific milieu and it is precisely this rootedness which saves him from the dead end of absurdity and nothingness. The nightmare of *Sepher HaMa'asim* seems to have passed.

Working through a well-wrought system of symbols, Agnon implies in *Hatzimoret* that redemption through art alone is impossible. But this is a half-statement for to the reader, the triumph of artistic illumination mitigates the disturbing nightmare inherent in each story. The compelling description of the loss of will is, in itself, an heroic act of will; the troubled presentation of spiritual aridity is, in itself, a thirsting affirmation of spirituality. *Sefer HaMa'asim* calls out to the reader with the narrator in the story *Al HaTorah*: upon hearing the congregation declare him dead in reply to the sexton who had called him to the Torah, the narrator cries out desperately: "I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm coming right away."

(The following short story translated from the Hebrew by Arnold J. Band is an example of Agnon's use of symbols.)

TO THE DOCTOR

By S. J. AGNON

FATHER LAY ILL and a moist cloth was bound about his head. His face was weary from the illness and a heavy worry dulled his blue eyes—like a man who knows his death is near but doesn't know what will happen to his young sons and daughters. Opposite him, in another room, lay my little sister. Each was ill with a different illness for which the doctor had not yet given a name.

My wife stood in the kitchen and shelled peas from their pods. After she

placed them in the pot she put on her wrap and went with me to the doctor.

As I was leaving the house, I stumbled upon some peas, for when my wife was busy preparing them for eating they had rolled out of her hands and scattered on the stairs. I wanted to sweep them away before the mice would smell them and come but I was rushed; it was already past eight thirty and at nine o'clock the doctor used to visit his friends and drink with them all night while at home there lay two sick persons who needed special attention—particularly my little sister who used to caper and sing, exciting our anxiety lest she fall from her bed or disturb father from his sleep.

Those peas began to bother me because they turned into lentils, and lentils are a food of trouble and mourning. It is easy to understand the sorrow of a man who has two sick persons at home and things put this kind of thoughts into his heart.

It is not proper to tell that I was a bit resentful towards my wife and I thought to myself: "What good are women? She had toiled to prepare a meal for us and at the end all the peas had scattered." When I saw she was running and knew why she was running my resentment disappeared and love entered my heart.

On the way, right next to the black bridge, Mr. Andermann met me and greeted me. I returned his greetings and wanted to leave him. He held my hand and told me that he was coming from the city of Bordeaux in England and today or tomorrow he and his father would come to see our new house. "Ay, Ay, Ay," said Mr. Andermann, "they tell all sorts of wonders about your house." I contorted my face to give it a pleasing expression and reflected, "Why does he say he will come with his father? Does Mr. Andermann have a father?" And I reflected further, "Couldn't this excessive attempt to give my face a pleasing appearance leave an impression after it?" I remembered the peas which had turned into lentils and I began to worry about retribution.

SO that Mr. Andermann might not realize what was in my heart, I put my hand into my pocket and took out my watch; I saw that nine o'clock was near and that at nine the doctor used to go to his club and get drunk, while at home lay two sick persons whose illness had no name. When Mr. Andermann saw I was in haste he understood in his usual way that I was hurrying to the post office. He said, "The postal arrangements have changed and you don't have to hurry."

I left Mr. Andermann in his error and I didn't tell him about the sick persons lest he bother me with advice and detain me.

There came a stately old man in whose House of Study (*Beth Midrash*) I used to pray on the High Holy days. I have heard many cantors but I have not heard a precentor (*Ba'al Tefillah*) like him whose prayer is beautiful and clear even during his crying. I had wanted to speak to him many times, but I never could.

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Now he set upon me his eyes which were bleary from crying and looked at me affectionately as if he were saying, "Here I am; let us talk, if you wish." Mr. Andermann grasped my hand and didn't let me go. Actually, I could have removed my hand from his and gone off but on that very same day a dog had bitten me and torn my clothes and had I turned my face from Mr. Andermann and gone he would have seen the tear.

I remembered the time when the old man stood before the reader's desk during the prayer, "And because of our sins..." and beat his head on the floor until the walls of the House of Study quaked. My heart quaked and I was drawn towards him but Mr. Andermann grasped my hand. I stood and twisted my face and tried to give it a pleasing expression.

My wife crossed the bridge and reached the doctor's house which was next to the post office and stood before the entrance of the house, her shoulders twitching from sorrow and waiting. I removed my hand from Mr. Andermann's hand and went towards my wife. The black bridge quaked under my feet and the waves of the river swelled and rose, rose and swelled.

1948 IN RETROSPECT

By JOEL CARMICHAEL

A NATION REBORN, by R. H. S. CROSSMAN, Atheneum, New York, \$3.50.

THE GENERATION between the First World War and the emergence of Israel in 1948 saw the efflorescence and triumph of the Zionist movement. The preceding decades of propaganda and toil, the slow, painful infiltration of world Jewry by the Zionist political idea, never embraced whole-heartedly by more than a minority, laid the foundations of the Palestine Jewish community, which in its turn was shaped by the interaction of the Zionist movement with the facts of life in Palestine and abroad

—the first stirrings of Arab resistance and the rise of Hitler.

This Zionist generation is already half-forgotten. The unprecedented success of the State of Israel among the non-Zionist Jewish masses, especially in America, has transformed Zionist philosophy beyond recognition. Israel, as an accomplished fact, has eclipsed "ideology," and to the generation that has come of age since the last war the events leading up to its establishment already seem ancient and unfamiliar history.

Zionism is perhaps the only political movement in history to achieve its proclaimed goal—somewhat to its own surprise—and it is surely ironical that its ideology has been bypassed so decisively by the very success that for so long seemed beyond its reach. In a curious way it has somehow been assimilated by its offspring, the State of Israel, and with the tide of scarcely questioned support for the new-born political organism the movement that gave it birth seems to be dissolving in the mainstream of Jewish life.

The shift in perspective involved in the replacement of the Zionist movement by the State of Israel as a prime factor in Jewish life is given a sharp focus by the appearance of *A Nation Reborn*, by R. H. S. Crossman, the well-known English political philosopher, Labor Party leader, and journalist. This book revives a consideration of the great themes attendant on the emergence of Israel—the Zionist genesis of the State, the dramatic withdrawal of the British Empire from Palestine, and the even more dramatic eruption of the new state via a war with the armies of its Arab neighbors.

The three brief essays that make up Crossman's book—on Weizmann, Ernest Bevin, and Ben-Gurion—represent an admirably symmetrical framework for dealing with these themes discursively.

Crossman is urbane. This urbanity, which infuses the whole of his intelligent little book, is established at one bold stroke: when Weizmann, after expounding to him a view of the endemic anti-

Semitism every Gentile is infected by, asked Crossman whether he too was an anti-Semite, Crossman tells us he replied, "Of course!" This establishes his credit with the reader as it did with Weizmann; doubtless it got a good laugh out of the audience at the Weizmann Institute in Rehovoth, where these essays were delivered as lectures.

The tragedy of Weizmann's life was the unworkability of the British Mandate: it is in the coincidence of these two themes that Crossman displays his special talent for informed insight. Not only does he convey Weizmann's fascination for him, but he explains the extraordinary impact of his personality on the most deep-rooted sentimentalities of the British politicians who were instrumental in formulating the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate that followed it. Crossman utterly pulverizes the old-fashioned, crassly materialist interpretation of Britain's reasons for sponsoring the Zionist vision: the notion that British support was designed to secure the approbation of powerful Jews in America and Britain—all uniformly hostile to Zionism—or was a rational method of furthering British imperial interests in the Middle East itself evaporates the moment it is clearly stated.

On the contrary, as Crossman points out, the oddity really was that the statesmen in charge of British affairs could be so smitten by Weizmann's personality that he could blind them with his Zionism long enough to extract the Balfour Declaration and ultimately the decisive, though defective, patronage of Great Britain during the growing pains of the Palestine Jewish community before the establishment of the State. As Crossman says, Weizmann "outcharmed Lloyd George and Balfour. In wartime, at the height of their power, they looked into the tragic eyes of this Jew and felt their consciences stirred. Then, just when the tension was becoming a little un-British, they found themselves laughing—because the next facet of Weizmann's character was his humor, the most intensely Jewish I have ever experienced. And after that

came the third transformation. The tragic Jew, the sardonic humorist, within a minute had been transformed into a scientist, cooling his listeners off with a douche of sparkling analysis. No wonder few British politicians could resist him."

The Balfour Declaration, in short, was brought about by charm: it is one of the clearest instances of the power of one individual at a crucial point in history. Weizmann's personality suspended the nationalist egotism normally to be expected from statesmen, and created a hiatus in the routine behavior of governments that remained in effect long enough for the foundations of modern Israel to be laid.

TO BE SURE, the same romantic mentality in the British temperament that provided the background for the Balfour Declaration ultimately tried to destroy the entire enterprise it gave rise to. The same romanticism that characterized the individual British statesmen who found Weizmann irresistible was expressed far more systematically, forcefully, and lethally in the characters of the permanent civil service officials who were actually responsible for the administration of the Mandate. From the very first the pro-Jewish sympathies of the few British leaders under the sway of the Zionist mystique collided head-on with, or rather were neutralized in the labyrinth of bureaucracy by the much stronger pro-Arab romanticism of the overwhelming majority of the officials of the British Foreign and Colonial Offices, Army and Police responsible for the implementation of the Mandate decided on in London. The whole of the Mandatory period, indeed, may be interpreted as a tug of war between the dying letter of the Mandatory document and the vigorously malevolent spirit of the Palestine administration, a spirit that was inspired by the most sentimental view of the Arabs on the one hand and the most insidious and comprehensive anti-Zionism—usually plus anti-Semitism—on the other.

Both British parties of course had an

arsenal of rational, nationalist arguments to draw on: the pro-Jewish approach represented sentimentally by Balfour had more hardheaded exponents among his heirs, like Churchill. The much larger anti-Zionist party among the British had equally numerous though less often openly expressed arguments—on the whole, indeed, more plausible—to use against the pro-Jewish interpretation of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate. But it is only too plain that the venom, the corruption and particularly the hypocrisy characteristic of official British behavior during the Mandatory period must be traced not merely to honest differences of opinion based on reason, but to the pervasive pro-Arab sentimentality of the huge corps of British experts on Middle Eastern affairs.

For anyone inclined to respect a big state more than any other human association it is surely illuminating to contemplate the British sacrifice of self-interest to self-delusion. Both in launching the Mandate and in executing it the British were singularly irresponsible. For once the Mandate came into existence, with its public commitment to at least some form of autonomous Jewish community, it had the status of an international document not lightly to be disregarded. But the tenacious, spiteful opposition of almost the entire administrative apparatus meant that as Jewish and Arab interests gradually diverged, and this divergence achieved articulate expression, no effective decision on behalf of either side could be made without kicking up a rumpus only a prior single-mindedness of purpose might have avoided. The charm and glamor of the Arabs in the minds of British officialdom committed it to an anti-Zionist line; at the same time this line could never be consummated because of the public commitment of the central government, which never summoned up either the strength of will or the clarity of mind to impose a genuine decision on its own functionaries.

That the pro-Arab bias on the part of officialdom was sentimental is blatant-

ly evident. Despite a talent and devotion on the part of Great Britain's corps of Middle East experts that made it the only really serious institution of its kind in the world, it systematically conceived all policy in a way that was not only anti-Jewish but that astigmatically disregarded the interests of the Empire itself. Even on such a primitive level as the assessment of military capacities, Englishmen who had spent their lives studying Arabic and Middle Eastern life generally proved wildly silly in their estimate of the Arabs. The malice characteristic of the British withdrawal from Palestine in 1947-48 was rooted not merely in a vindictive attitude toward the Jews, but in an unquestioned assumption that the Arabs, still regarded, even by experts who had devoted their lives to them, as "gallant desert fighters," would simply herd into the sea the Jews they had omitted to butcher.

The conflict in Palestine and its outcome were the result of the clash between British romanticism, Arab bombast, and Zionist determination.

But there was, after all, an element of the mythological—an imaginative transcendence of material factors—in the clash between all three forces.

IT is the mythological quality behind British romanticism, the megalomaniac overestimation by the Arab leaders of their own capacities, and the single-minded zeal of the Zionists that Crossman's urbanity prevents his doing full justice to. He deals with the complexities of Mandatory Palestine as though the situation were static; this makes him slur over the dynamic and irrational factors that blinded the British to the consideration of constructive alternatives. For by discussing the workability of the Mandate exclusively in terms of Palestine, and by treating Arab nationalism as a constant—an inevitable one to boot—he is really begging the cardinal question.

It is doubtless reasonable to think there was bound to be a conflict between the Jewish goal of an autonomous com-

munity, with full control of such basic factors as immigration and land-purchase, and the political interests of the Arab community; it may even be likely that the Arab community was bound to resist as it did.

But surely this was a consequence of British statesmanship. After all, Whitehall could do very nearly whatever it liked with the shapeless states of Iraq and Transjordan—not to mention the whole of the Arabian Peninsula and Egypt—but it chose to confine the Mandate within the stifling cupboard of a Palestine truncated to insignificance by the lopping off of Transjordan.

The rival potentialities of the Jewish and Arab communities were merely exacerbated by the intra-British conflict between the great anti-Zionist majority and the tiny minority—vacillating into the bargain—of those who were willing to implement the Mandate fairly.

Nor was there anything inevitable about the growth of the Arab nationalist movement: indeed, even today the peasant masses of the Arab world are still far removed from the shallow slogans of their leaders; it is no more than accommodating hindsight to refer to the inevitability of the development of Arab political self-consciousness during the Twenties in Palestine.

It is obvious that "Arab nationalism" is quite distinct from and indeed contradictory to parochial movements like Iraqi, or Syrian, or Jordanian "nationalism"—all these are mere nonsense. Yet, in the discussion of the interaction between Zionism and "Arab nationalism" a primary source of confusion is the constantly shifting focus of reference. Zionism did not at first affect Arab nationalism at large—which in any case scarcely existed a generation ago—but the Palestine Arab community. *Arabs* occupy an area the size of the United States: *Palestine* is what Balfour perfectly sensibly called a "mere notch."

But to the Palestine Arabs, of course, it was not a mere notch, it was where they lived. Iraqis, contrariwise, were not

affected by Zionism at all—as Iraqis: it was only a tiny minority of intellectuals, dreaming of an Arab empire "from Morocco to Persia," who were spiritually moved by the Jewish return to Palestine.

This basic dualism of identity, blurred by most writers on the Middle East, provides the only formula that could have helped the British elude the dilemma of their parochial conception of the Mandate. It would have enabled them to take Arab nationalism at its face value—i.e., yield to its rhetoric—and make the Palestinian Arabs citizens of some larger Arab complex, thus safeguarding their national identity insofar as it rose to the conscious, or political level, while simultaneously implementing the Jewish National Home they were committed to in any case within the confines of Mandatory Palestine.

By failing to distinguish between these two criteria—in this case Arabism or Palestinianism—and by never settling the cardinal question of the locus of authority within the framework of their own administration, the British simply broke their necks, alienating Arabs and Jews simultaneously and losing what might otherwise have become their stablest outpost in the Middle East.

Crossman is amiable about Attlee, Prime Minister during the liquidation of Mandatory Palestine; he is rather kind even to Ernest Bevin, widely regarded as the involuntary architect of the State of Israel. But with all its sophistication Crossman's "explanation" of the understandability and indeed the naturalness of British leadership in this period reveals both the ingrained anti-Semitism of these two men, and the opinionated stupidity, especially in the case of Bevin, that utterly clouded their view of the issues, to say nothing of the more superficial hypocrisy that made them conceal their deliberate double-dealing from themselves. It is of course fashionable, and doubtless sensible to discount the personal factor in politics, but in spite of himself Crossman makes out an unchallengeable case for the morbid vanity and

vindictive thickheadedness of Bevin, as well as for the perfidiousness of the British authorities in Palestine, that must surely make one reconsider the role of individuals in state affairs.

CROSSMAN EXPLAINS both Attlee's and Bevin's views of the Jewish question by referring back to their youthful experiences in the East End of London, as a result of which they both "got it firmly into their heads that the Jews of Palestine should be treated as a religious group on a par with the Christians and the Moslems." In view of the drive and zeal of the Zionist movement, which was actually defying the British Empire itself, how can this amazing obsession on the part of such experienced men be characterized? How could they be so stupid? Particularly since they were not, after all, stupid in the least. Crossman's somewhat naive historical explanation of how Attlee's irritation was "transformed into a cold anger and Bevin's into a violent passion" is, while sensible in its limited way, deeply unsatisfactory. Crossman actually points out that Bevin "was tipped into overt anti-Semitism," a "mania not normally developed by the British except under very strong provocation." But what was this "provocation"? Simply the "wanton rejection" by the Jews of Bevin's utterly one-sided and utopian solution of the Palestine imbroglio.

Crossman shows how Bevin's anti-Semitism made him believe anything. At the height of the Palestine crisis Bevin said to him: "Now I've got something that may finally convince you that you're in the wrong. The Foreign Office have given me their latest information from the Soviet Union. The Russians have massed an army of Jews at Odessa, ready for the attack!"

It's difficult to say what a man of such credulity should be in charge of, but it's surely not an Empire. Of course, since statesmen are human there is no reason they shouldn't be damned fools; through the silkiness of Crossman's intelligent explanations we see Bevin somewhat dimly

but unmistakably as both a fool and a monster. I see no reason for not saying so.

The mythopoeic quality of Zionism, its imaginative, passionate reconstruction of the world, ultimately enabled Israel to emerge victorious from the chaos of the British collapse. If we recall the opposition encountered in Palestine by the embryonic Jewish state, the inflexible mean-mindedness and treachery of the British administration, the armed resistance of the Arab states, the uniform hostility of the American State Department, the exiguous means at the disposal of the Jews, the flood of destitute and diseased immigrants, surely we are baffled by the successful launching of Israel. How can it be explained?

The explanation is doubtless simple: the Jews were the only ones who knew what they wanted. They were the only ones with a myth that was vital enough to fuse with reality and the only ones sufficiently enthralled by their own myth

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to evolve the morale required for its realization.

The truism that no one else had the same interest in Palestine as the Jews turns out, naturally enough, to explain the devotion responsible for the state. If Arabs are nationalist at all they are nationalist with respect to a vast territory; Great Britain had a far-flung variety of interests, apart from a deeply ambivalent attitude; the Americans, aside from the consistent, missionary-motivated hostility of the State Department had no interest in Palestine at all. The consequence was that the confusion, the malice, the indifference and the stupidity of the Great Powers were pierced by the red-hot iron of Jewish determination, which thus created another hiatus in history, a crevice through which by an Herculean effort of will the Jews as a collective entity forced their way into history once again. They recreated their own historical channel and are now navigating it under their own power, insofar as that can be said about any small nation today.

The problems created by this new historical situation are of course portentous: Crossman glides over them rather optimistically. With the spiritual nature of the Jewish exile radically transformed by the concrete alternative of Israel, the whole question of the interconnection between the *Yishuv* and the Diaspora has been shifted to a different, deeply non-ideological plane. The organized Zionist movement is bearing the brunt of this metamorphosis.

There are, moreover, the external hazards, which are formidable indeed. If Crossman is right in saying that the force of Weizmann's personality, by securing the Balfour Declaration, gave the *Yishuv* just enough of a breathing-spell to ripen it for the plunge into statehood, it must be added that its timing could hardly have been worse.

Launched in the wake of the atomic bomb, coincidentally with the emergence of the parvenu states and statelets of the Arab world and the pseudo-nations of

Black Africa, with the overspanning and rapidly growing power of both the Soviet Union and China becoming a momentous factor throughout Asia and Africa, Israel is undeniably in a vulnerable position. Not only does a *modus vivendi* with the Arabs seem as remote as ever, but it may well be that the velocity of national life in the underdeveloped world in general will not permit a solution without a general settlement between the Great Powers.

But of course it is even more likely that it is just this stalemate between the Soviet and the Western blocs, each armed, in the jargon of today, with the power of overkill—the power to wipe out the whole human race 35 times over (as of 1959!)—that will insulate Israel and enable it to consolidate its existence, and thus keep the door of its own history open for an unforeseeable length of time to come.

A REMARKABLE OLD WARRIOR

By T. R. FYVEL

MIDDLE EAST DIARY: 1917-1956, by COLONEL R. MEINERTZHAGEN. Thomas Yoseloff. 376 pp. \$7.50.

WHEN ONE LOOKS BACK at the history of British-Zionist relations, one can trace a definite pattern in that strange cultural convergence. Almost throughout the period, Zionism was opposed by the routine officials and politicians, while it received its backing from the more unusual, adventurous and more literary figures in British life, from statesmen like Balfour, Lloyd George, Smuts and Churchill or from highly individualist soldiers like General Wingate and Colonel Meinertzhagen. The tempestuous career of Orde Wingate has already been presented to American readers in Christopher Sykes' massive biography. Wingate was a unique figure of genius. Colonel Meinertzhagen (the name is of Danish origin), who is today in his

eighties, would not aspire to any such description, nor even, to use his own term, to have been a "big-wig," yet in his way he is an equally extraordinary character. Americans who wonder how the rather stuffy, crowded, conservative Britain of today could ever have been the country of those inspired statemen, soldiers and sailors who founded the empire and carried the English language right around the globe, would do well to read Colonel Meinertzhagen's diaries for a whiff of that old Protestant fieriness. Spanning half a century, the diaries begin with Meinertzhagen as a young official of the unchallenged empire on which the sun never set while the last entries show him venting his anger against Mr. Dulles and Britain's ignominious exit from the Middle East after the Suez crisis. The extracts from the diaries are set down as they were written at the time, with only a few brief explanatory notes. In this way, they are often contradictory: they show Colonel Meinertzhagen at times changing his mind about men like T. E. Lawrence, Herbert Samuel, about Weizmann and Hitler. But this also gives them their touch of authenticity. They show up the mind of a professional British soldier and at the same time reveal one of the extraordinary careers of our time.

Of the extraordinary, adventurous flavor of this career it is not possible for a reviewer to convey more than glimpses, and to suggest that the diaries will be found fascinating especially by Jewish readers. We begin with Colonel Meinertzhagen—let me for brevity call him Col. M.—as a young colonial official in British East Africa in 1902-3, at the time of the abortive projects for a Jewish national home in Uganda or Kenya, which he thought quite mad. Russian Jews among the elephants, the lions and the Masai warriors in full regalia? But Colonel M. was soon to meet the real Jewish problem. Visiting Odessa during a tour of Czarist Russia in 1910, he was shocked to the core by witnessing a deliberately arranged street pogrom and he shocked the British consul almost

equally by rushing into the street, knocking down one of the persecutors and rescuing a Jewish girl. After which he wrote in his diary: "There is no word in the British language to describe such vile and bestial behaviour. I am deeply moved by these terrible deeds and have resolved that whenever or wherever I can help the Jews I shall do so to the best of my ability." The next fifty years of Colonel M.'s life might be described as a high endeavor to fulfill this resolve—among other duties.

THE OPPORTUNITY soon came. In 1917, Colonel M. was an intelligence officer on General Allenby's staff, charged with the task of deceiving the Turks as to the course of the coming Palestine offensive, in which task he was assisted by Aaron Aaronson and other Palestine Jews. "For the first time in my life I found myself in close working association with Jews and soon recognised their intelligence and valour." At the same time he met T. E. Lawrence, about whom he was at first scathing—a "bombastic little man," making preposterous claims about the tip-and-run raids of his Arab following. Colonel M. confesses that to the end he remained puzzled by Lawrence, whom he at first disliked as a liar, but by whom he was afterwards charmed into emotional and compassionate friendship. But that came later: the point is that already in 1917, Colonel M. had decided that the Jews in Palestine were strong and progressive and Britain's potential friends in the Middle East while the Arabs, for whom he has no good word to say throughout his book, were bad, unreliable and Britain's enemies. Indeed, he was a Zionist even before he met Weizmann, discussing the extraction of potash from the Dead Sea with Lord Milner, and with King George V at Buckingham Palace the question whether the envisaged Jewish National Home should be part of the empire. After his meeting with Weizmann, the beginning of a lifelong and devoted friendship, Colonel M. could go further. At the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, he again

met T. E. Lawrence, whom he found in a desperate state of psychological torment, evidently oppressed by the fantasies he had created. The pages in which Colonel M. relates how he helped to prop up and console "little Lawrence" and was in the end captivated by him are among the most fascinating in the whole diary. But in addition it was also Colonel M. who in 1919, together with King Feisal, Lawrence, Weizmann and Felix Frankfurter helped to draft Feisal's famous letter to Frankfurter, suggesting Jewish-Arab cooperation in Palestine. This was a high point. Another came on the 22nd August 1922. "Today is a great day for the Zionists. The Palestine Mandate was passed by the League of Nations sitting in St. James's Palace. Weizmann and his wife asked my wife and me to celebrate the event by dining with them at the Carlton."

But, by then, all the familiar difficulties had already cropped up. As General Allenby's chief political officer in Palestine from 1919 to 1922, Colonel M., as pro-Zionist, found himself the solitary odd man out among British officials and officers who were pro-Arab almost to a man, for reasons which Colonel M. describes as heartbreaking shortsightedness, stupidity or anti-Semitism, for which he liked to use the term "hebraophobia." Against this he fought without a moment's hesitation, both in Palestine and when seconded to the Colonial Office in London, indefatigably arguing as on the lines of a letter to Lord Curzon which begins: "My inclination towards the Jews in general is governed by an anti-Semitic instinct which is invariably modified by personal contact." In the 'twenties he had his moments of satisfaction at Jewish progress in Palestine and anger at the British whittling down of the concept of the National Home. Resigning from the Colonial Office, he was able to follow his first hobby, natural history and especially bird-watching, and a second hobby, political intelligence. In 1925 Colonel M. was travelling in Kashmir and Tibet when he paused to offer a

silent prayer on the day when Lord Balfour opened the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In 1929, we find him writing letters on behalf of Jewish rights in Palestine to his "Uncle Sidney," who turned out to be Sidney Webb, Lord Passfield, and the author of the subsequent anti-Zionist White Paper.

In the 'thirties, the course of Colonel M.'s career followed a deviation: he fell for the arguments of Hitler and Ribbentrop that Germany was a deeply wronged country whose offers of friendship were cold-shouldered by Britain for the worst of reasons, partly because of Jewish propaganda. This led to three fascinating meetings between Colonel M., Hitler, and Ribbentrop. At the first meeting, as the Colonel wrote in his diary: "Hitler at once walked towards me. I also walked towards him, each glaring at the other, and Hitler has a most penetrating gaze. Hitler raised his hand exclaiming 'Heil Hitler'; I thought it rather odd that he should 'heil' himself, so I raised my hand and said, 'Heil Meinertzhagen.' Nobody smiled." Nevertheless, Colonel M. swallowed so much of Hitler's propaganda that some months later he could write: "Neither Weizmann nor I were anxious to discuss Hitler's treatment of the Jews. Our views diverge and my dear old friend Weizmann is terribly biased." It took some time for the Colonel to recognize the truth, but then it was with a vengeance. The most dramatic event of his life occurred when in June 1939 he was granted his last audience with Hitler and Ribbentrop in Berlin and managed to take a *loaded automatic* with him into the audience chamber. Colonel M. does not make quite clear what his intentions were at that confused moment whose recollection fills him with shame, but that evening he wrote in his diary: "I had ample opportunity to kill both Hitler and Ribbentrop and am seriously troubled about it. If this war breaks out, as I feel sure it will, then I shall feel very much to blame for not killing these two... I'm worried, very worried. First,

war seems inevitable. Second, I might have stopped it."

BIZARRE DESTINY! The thought by how much Colonel M. could have affected history is hard to grasp. When the war did come he was in his sixties, but he was a foremost supporter of the efforts to mobilize Palestine Jewish units for the British army. At the end of the war in 1945 he was disappointed with Churchill over Palestine, and angry with Ernest Bevin. During the days of terrorism, Colonel M. kept his head, though torn between two loyalties, one to the Jews and the other "to my beloved British Army." In April 1948 he was on a tour crossing Arabia from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea when he heard that the U. N. had recognized the State of Israel, and received a telegram from Weizmann: "To you, dear friend, we owe so much that I can only express it in simple words—May God Bless You."

What followed was even more extraordinary. Colonel M.'s ship on the return from Arabia was in port in Haifa on the day when the Haganah and the Arabs fought for the town. Noting that a company of British troops was going ashore to guard stores, Colonel M. borrowed arms and a uniform from a sick soldier, managed to slip ashore with the troops, found the Haganah front line, crawled to an advanced position and fought there with three Haganah men, who had followed him, till the evening, by which time they had wiped out the Arab post opposite them and he was discovered and was ordered back to his ship by an indignant British officer. On board, however, he felt the occasion called for a bottle of champagne. "Altogether I had had a glorious day. May Israel flourish." It is hard to realize that at this time Colonel M. was also seventy years old.

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apart from the progress of Israel, the course of history in the 'fifties did not run on lines that cheered the old warrior. In 1956, given his views, he violently raged against what he thought was appeasement of Nasser; he was impatient at lack of Western firmness toward Russia and angry at what he believed to be Mr. Dulles's duplicity toward Britain and France and Israel. True, in November 1956 he could still write: "Israel has launched an offensive against Egypt, penetrating far into Sinai, and is now within easy striking distance of the Suez Canal. Well done, Israel! I am delighted and thrilled." But not long after it he says: "I find that my diary is a great safety valve; I sometimes feel like having an hysterical explosion when I think of the ineptitude of the members of the United Nations." And the last entries, in 1958, show the now octogenarian colonel writing in a sombre mood, laying down conditions with which the West should approach Khrushchev regarding the Middle East and guarantees for Israel.

At this point, the diary entries also end and I am sure that the reader will, as I did, pause almost breathlessly to see their revelations in focus.

What can one say about the Meinertzhagen diaries? Well, first, that in our changing times there is something almost magical about the activity of a man who has been in the thick of public affairs for *sixty years*. Secondly, that they reveal the best type of British regular soldier, with his virtues and limitations. Thirdly, and with significance for the Jewish reader, they reveal a man of outstanding courage, loyalty—and faith. Not a profound thinker, perhaps, but a man to whom the most astonishing things happened in life and it is hard not to feel that they happened because of Colonel Meinertzhagen's courage and faith. It is this quality which also makes Colonel Meinertzhagen's *Middle East Diary* the most fascinating volume of recollections I have read for many a day. For myself at least I can say that if many of the events which he describes are familiar,

indeed, events through which I have lived myself, Colonel Meinertzhagen succeeds in shedding new illumination upon them. A remarkable book by a remarkable old warrior.

VANISHED ISLAND

By BENJAMIN DeMOTT

THE TIME OF THE PEACHES, by ARTHUR GRANIT. Abelard-Schuman. \$3.95

"BROWNSVILLE," said Alfred Kazin in *Walker in the City*, is that road which every other road in my life has had to cross." "My beautiful world of Brownsville," says Arthur Granit in *The Time of the Peaches*, "was destroyed . . ." and "the destruction (was) deliberate." The difference between these observations is the stuff of a footnote in a social history; it is also the key to the difference in quality of the books themselves.

That this should be the case is not mysterious. Kazin's remark is meant to cast light on an individual writing career, and in fact it does illuminate some of his recent gestures—his dismissal of society-less Puerto Ricans, his enthusiasm for spontaneous first drafts, his abuse of al-rightnik "professor novelists." But in the uncommonly affecting little book in which it appears the remark has a higher function. It stands as an indirect summary of the method of the writer's principal achievement, the creation of a place new to literature, and, in addition, as a representation in little of the state of awareness and feeling on which such achievement rests. And for reasons that may have as much to do with history as with variations of gift, both the method and the awareness are absent from Mr. Granit's first novel.

It should be said at once, in extenuation, that critics are usually no clearer than fictionists about the importance of the items mentioned. Knowledgeable people still say and believe, about books

that succeed in creating places, that the accomplishment is a matter simply of detail, a function of the density of information offered about appearances, smells, and sounds. Numerous minor grounds for rejecting the view lie in easy reach. Every work that is successful in rendering a place is marked by obvious gaps in reportage. (Kazin's book, for one, makes virtually no effort to reproduce dialects or to suggest peculiarities of Brownsville idiom.) And every critic who has tried to explain what he means by speaking of the excellence of a writer's choice of detail has learned that it is difficult to say why one detail is more telling than another. (Is the color of a certain slice of salami a truer index to X than legends on an old election poster? Why?) But the strongest ground for dismissing the view is the evidence that in first-rate imaginative writing individual details gain their meaning by their reference not to each other, but to a vision (myth and allegory are useful and fashionable synonyms for the word) that is never implicit in the outer scene, or in what are called the facts.

Walker in the City is itself rich in such evidence. The Brownsville of its pages is not a place to be observed, recorded, reported, but a kind of activity—a process of self-emergence to be reconstructed. The writer's sentence about Brownsville as a road that other roads cross ultimately takes a different turn from that which had been expected: the place itself, as it is created in the book, seems to be the sum of all the crossings, rather than a separate entity—a scale brought into being by the writer's post-Brownsville movement, instead of a pre-existent set of coordinates. Something is being weighed on this scale, of course. Many contrasts are drawn: sensations of the open-air market versus the blankness of the houses on Eastern Parkway, the vivid homeliness of kitchen talk versus the "refined," "correct," "nice" English required at school, the homey smells of snuff and sour wine in the synagogue versus the nearly scentless Protestant church "so varnished-clean and empty

and austere." But, to repeat, the system of measurement is an invention and lies beyond the items measured. In Kazin's memoir the ruling vision is one that in positive terms sets organic life, natural passion and physical sensation over against pallid feeling, middlebness, neutrality, estrangement. The felt equivalents of "Eastern Parkway" and the "varnished-clean" church are anonyne, joy-killing Puritanism, even (at a fanciful chance) the persecutors of Blake and Lawrence, or the eighteenth century; Brownsville at its best is their opposite.

The place is not, to be sure, always at its best. Brownsville's way of taking music and art—as objects not of inquiry but of pure love and gratitude (the rapture of the family listening to a record of Galli-Curci singing *Caro Nome*)—is sometimes expressed as the natural way, free of the curse of culture-mongering and conscious self-improvement. Often, though, Brownsville is the death of the imagination—an interruption of the cinema-trance, disbelief in romantic love, the closing down of opportunity. But what matters is that at both positive and negative poles the writer is mythicizing or allegorizing; determining a location by using the two superior agents, awareness and understanding, that alone can place any road on the map of art. When "Alfred" climbs the reservoir hill in Highland Park to gaze across at Manhattan, he takes up a modest position at the end of a line of gazers at grand far places that stretches from Moll to Pip, from Jude to Gatsby; and particularly at this moment in the book, the values of these distant places are felt to measure the very experience that the writer began by using as their measure. The effect, that of warmly but intelligently complicated inclusiveness, induces confidence in the truth and significance of what the Walker sees. The latter knows something worth knowing, this is the conclusion. He knows what Brownsville is on a scale that matters; on a scale that is a product of a man's comprehension of himself in the artist's way. Not, that is, as a provincial, a Brownsville Jew (the difference be-

tween a Brownsville Jew and a Cos Cob Presbyterian never seems more trivial than when compared with that between both and an artist), but as a being with an interest in his own place, and that of other beings of his kind, in history and creation.

THE QUESTION whether these observations are relevant to non-Jewish writers can be postponed for a moment; certainly they are relevant to other Jewish writers beside Kazin. Ghetto life does not much absorb Malamud or Bellow, but both writers have sought on more than one occasion to create the Jew, the homeless man, and each has, as it were, plucked him from the narrow familiar and set him down in an expanding allegory. Again and again Malamud uses history as his witty map, widening his circles so that his wanderers do not stand by themselves but in complex relation to glories and tragedies beyond them. (Henry Levin, the floorwalker-hero of "The Lady of the Lake," becomes a being only when placed in a system that includes sensual Italy, death camps, hustling America, and the Renaissance.) Something similar can be said of Bellow's salesman: his life, and that of the brilliantly rendered upper Broadway hotel in *Seize the Day*, is an equivalent for American desperation and homelessness; but in the ironically poised person of Wilky's father, American and European stolidity in the face of failure meet and measure each other. The fruit of such meetings is that slight elevation of the plain substance of experience which encourages belief in the importance of the objects described, and thereby heightens illusion. And the power to envisage such meetings depends, as is clear, upon the artist's conviction that the object of his focus is in itself a permanent entity, a solid existence. Only if he is convinced of the reality of the primary object (in the cases cited: the Jew, the Jewish situation, the Jewish difference), only if he believes that in this object there is a character and identity that can

survive exposure to the whole texture of the contemporary, the whole panoply of the past, can he move beyond mere accumulation of details to the greater labor of the imagination, that of relating one object to another in a coherent order of feeling.

The weakness of *The Time of the Peaches*, to return to that book, can properly be regarded as a consequence of the failure of this belief. Mr. Granit's Brownsville cannot stand exposure to what is beyond it; it is not placed in relation to "other roads;" the writer seems actually to suffer from an insufficiency of confidence in Brownsville's difference, or in, to speak a word of jargon, its mythic potential. His story centers on the peculiar lives of several families, which it sees through the eyes of children. It tells of depression foreclosings, impotent husbands, forbearing mothers with idiot children, brilliant schoolboys who will be graduated by City College. It suffers no shortage of details; there are pushcarts in this Brownsville, and sunflower seeds, slaughtered chickens, mobster victims, peddlers, anarchists, Oriental tearooms—a fully representative selection of the facts. But the settings and the lives lived in them do not achieve dramatic substance—because neither is raised to any power beyond that of the limp ongoingness of daily life. The speaking voices in *The Time of the Peaches* simply do not possess the knowledge or understanding requisite to effect transformation.

BEYOND question the author was aware of the problem specified. He attempts to structure his report, and to enlarge its dimensions, by introducing an allegory of natural fruitfulness: a peach tree providentially casting down its fruit to men in need. But the allegory is not supported by an undercurrent of feeling for the natural vitality of the life of the place, and Mr. Granit's own tone, on those occasions when he himself as narrator simulates such feeling, is oddly unsatisfactory. Consider the following passage:

The women of our street said (Miriam) was beautiful but stupid, and tried to ignore her, but the men and the children remembered her forever. And beautiful she was, with her long dark chestnut hair, her skin with so high a coloring that it seemed as if there was a constant glow about her face, and her strong tight body that had seen many births and countless miscarriages. How she managed to retain her looks, I do not know.

Yes, Miriam, I remember you. I remember you so well that even today I recall the things I forgot to tell you, and often I must stop myself from thinking that only a woman who is sad can be beautiful. And even now that I am married, I remember and love you still.

The reader understands at this moment that the novelist is aiming at the creation of *Natural Woman*, a fructifying force. But the voice is too nervous, and too sentimental, to rally confidence in the precision of the marksman or the justness of his choice of target. "Miriam" remains "Miriam," just as the dialect speakers of the book remain dialect speakers: nothing is lent meaning beyond itself. Adequacy to fact in the matter of speech produces little more than an old-fashioned vaudeville turn; groping for a rhetoric of vital life issues only in an adaption of the pulpy symbols of Betty Smith.

Novelistic difficulty of this kind is often explained as a consequence of ignorance: the writer knows no terms with which to dignify or elevate his matter. But the explanation plainly will not do in Mr. Granit's case. The latter does not present himself as an untutored man; in a jacket note he declares, perhaps a trifle shrilly, that: "I am strictly a 'highbrow,' listen to chamber music, cannot tolerate 'light' theater, am a frequenter of museums, can listen to anything from the organ music of Buxtehude to the atonality of Alben Berg . . ."

The plausible explanation of the difficulty lies only in the direction of that loss

of faith in one's difference to which illusion has already been made. Mr. Granit himself obliquely confirms this. At the opening of his book he asserts that "until the Thirties Brownsville had every right to exist," but that "with the depression (the place) was assailed on all sides." And he goes on to observe that:

They say cultures are "assimilated"; but I know they are destroyed, both from inside and outside, just as my beautiful world of Brownsville was destroyed, even in America where the least of all the anti-Semitism exists; and if the culture is Jewish, you can be assured, the destruction is deliberate.

The notion of deliberateness here may be obscure, but the sense of the fragility of the world in question is obviously unfeigned. In expressing it the writer comments, as has already been suggested, on a recent and extraordinarily interesting cultural phenomenon. Mr. Kazin at the beginning of the last decade was still in position to say with complete belief that "Brownsville is . . ." and to think of its is-ness as a continuing fact of his emotional and intellectual experience. Mr. Granit cannot say these things in 1960 and in signifying his awareness of this inability, he himself directs attention to the root of his failure.

IN a recent issue of *Poetry* magazine, Leslie Fiedler had some observations about Jewish writers which bear on the point at issue here. Commenting on Shapiro's *Poems of a Jew*, Fiedler mockingly asked whether the book represented "an attempt to ride beside Wouk and Salinger, Bellow and Malamud, Philip Roth and Uris—the bandwagon which travels our streets, its calliope playing *Hatikvah*." He ascribed the success of the writers mentioned to the current popularity of the theme of identitylessness which appears in their fiction, and declared that:

We live in a time when everywhere in the realm of prose Jewish writers

have discovered their Jewishness to be an eminently marketable commodity, their much vaunted alienation to be their passport into the heart of Gentile culture. It is, indeed, their quite justified claim to have been *first* to occupy the Lost Desert at the center of the Great American Oasis (toward which every one now races, Coca-Cola in one hand, Martin Buber in the other) which has made certain Jewish authors into representative Americans, even in the eyes of State Department officials planning cultural interchanges.

The argument has obvious validity, but perhaps the situation of at least a few of these writers, though not of Salinger, is a trifle more complicated than Fiedler allows. To say simply that "for most moderns, Jewishness is an awareness not of belonging, but of *galuth*, of exile or alienation," is to ignore a possibility raised by books like *Walker in the City* and stories like "The Lady of the Lake": namely that if Jewish writers (of what is now the middle generation) were forced to step beyond "the Jewishness which they [could not] locate finally in themselves," they were not forced beyond the belief that Jewishness was once definably this or that, or beyond the conviction that they possessed in their inheritance an exceptional set of experiences. The survival of this belief probably is a not entirely negligible element in Jewish alienation; owing to its influence, this alienation has had focus, and has been less immediately a matter of removal "from everything" than from an original, sometimes even remembered coherence that writers could profess (without charlatanism) to recollect, measure, and interpret. Fiedler's ironical yet still seriously urged contention that Christians continue to have too much identity to quality for the bandwagon—they know they are not Jews—seems in this light a shade whimsical. What needs to be added to it is that if Brownsville, or Jewish community, has been breaking up during the last generation, the "other community" broke up so many generations ago that no one can possibly profess to remember

it as a style of life, a distinctive vision of experience.

No doubt these problems are moot—but they are not on that account irrelevant to the novel at hand. *The Time of the Peaches* does stand as a sign that "assimilation" is in process of creating the situation which Fiedler proclaims already exists, and as a prophecy that the total disappearance of the Jewish writer's "cultural inheritance" into the whirling Funhouse of America will leave him as naked as everyone else—leery of the idea that special claims can be made for his past, certain that his unique identity cannot endure exposure to anything beyond it. The situation named can be thought of as a sad turn; the temptation to lament it may or may not be strongest among those whose knowledge of what preceded it was gained objectively, with no pain save that of an easily controlled guilt. But not to resist the temptation is as foolish as valuing literature more than life. There are literary failures that signify, paradoxically, advances in moral taste: Mr. Granit's novel, which bespeaks doubt about the permanence of the "much vaunted (Jewish) alienation," is one of them.

NOSTALGIA FOR A LOST WORLD

By HENRY POPKIN

THE NEW RENAISSANCE in English dramatic writing has brought to light a whole generation of playwrights whose arrival marks the entrance of the working class and the lower middle class in the British theater. Several of the new writers are Jewish—Arnold Wesker, Harold Pinter, Peter Shaffer, Bernard Kops, Wolf Mankowitz, and Lionel Bart. The stage has, for a variety of reasons, opened up, and the Jews have contributed a substantial number of playwrights for the first time in England's history. One might almost speak of the Jewish writers as occupying a sort of "shadow cabinet," corresponding to the other new dramatists. The two most

serious new writers are simultaneously approaching rather awesome subjects which represent new departures for them: John Osborne's next play is about Martin Luther, Wesker's is about Jesus. Brendan Behan's principal play features songs and Irish jokes; the principal plays of Kops and Mankowitz feature songs and Jewish jokes. N. F. Simpson reflects the influence of Ionesco; Pinter's work is indebted to the other most fashionable French influence, Samuel Beckett. For good measure, Pinter, like Osborne, has been an actor.

Wesker has been, unquestionably, the first of the Jewish dramatists to "arrive." He is invariably mentioned with Osborne, Behan, and Shelagh Delaney as one of the four leading new playwrights. (If there is a fifth, I should think it would be Pinter.) However, he has not, like the others, enjoyed any commercial success in London's West End, and he recently told an interviewer: "I have a feeling that I shall be washed up in about three years and will quietly fade into oblivion."

His reputation rests on just four plays, and the list might be narrowed to two. The four are *The Kitchen* and a trilogy consisting of *Chicken Soup with Barley*, *Roots*, and *I'm Talking about Jerusalem*. *The Kitchen* has not been published; since it is a one-act play which requires a large cast, it is unlikely to be performed very often. The last play of the trilogy is universally regarded as something of a letdown. That leaves us with *Roots* and *Chicken Soup with Barley*, which are alone sufficient to prove Wesker's considerable dramatic promise.

Chicken Soup with Barley shows an East End Jewish family from 1936 to 1956. They are bound together by their militant communism, and, as that faith fails them, the group disintegrates and the community vanishes. The weaknesses of the Stalinist dream are made clear enough, and yet this religion, like all religions, is shown to have its peculiar virtue. It brought people together. Unit- ing the Jews of the East End, it led them in an heroic cause when they fought

Oswald Mosley's blackshirts in 1936. The joys and victories of that time were real, however false their premises may have been. One incidental pleasure recorded in the play was capturing a policeman: "Surrendered! A policeman! It's never happened before. He didn't know what to do, Monty didn't. None of us knew. I mean, who's ever heard of a policeman surrendering?" But then the numbers of this political family dwindle as the comrades leave the party and become disillusioned. The political group in the play has been essentially a family, united by an authentically warm-hearted *Yiddishshe mamme* at the center of it. When the others depart, we are left with only the family proper and finally with just the mother being lectured by her son after Hungary: "You're a pathological case, Mother—do you know that? You're still a *Communist!*" Still, muddled as the mother may be on political matters, she knows the value of community. The Communist Party gave these people a social cause, it united them behind an ideal, and that alone justifies its role in their lives.

All my life I worked with a party that meant glory and freedom and brotherhood. You want me to give it up now? . . . Socialism is my light, can you understand that? A way of life. A man *can* be beautiful . . . You've got to care, you've got to care or you'll die.

Another thread is the story of the family's shiftless father, a shirker who drinks tea at his mother's house while his comrades battle the Fascists. He loses job after job and suffers, as if he wills them, strokes that render him incapable of taking care of himself. He is the supreme example of flight from the community, of total irresponsibility. He will not help others, and, inevitably, he requires to be helped. His physical ailment is the logical consequence of his anti-social attitude. If you do not join up, belong, and take hold, this, the play implies, is what becomes of you. This is the nightmare that haunts Ronnie Kahn,

the son who lectures his mother on Hungary and communism. He knows he resembles his father, and he fears his father's fate. As the play ends, Ronnie is left with this dilemma and with a lesson on the danger of refusing the community its due.

The attitude toward communism is ambivalent. On the one hand, certain characters are, in the last scene, permitted to indict it rather persuasively, commenting upon anti-Trotskyist activity in Spain, the death of Itsik Feffer, and events in Hungary. On the other hand, the play warmly conveys a nostalgia for the communal action of the 1930's; it was good to have belonged, even if it is no longer good to belong. Wesker is concerned not to lose this precious nostalgia, and so he appends a note to the effect that "*Chicken Soup with Barley* was not written as an anti-Soviet play... Let no mud be thrown, few people's hands are clean."

IN *Roots*, Ronnie is an indispensable but absent character. We see his effect upon his girl friend Beatie Bryant, who parrots his remarks as she lectures her family on socialism. To her, as to him, socialism means the community.

"Christ," he says. "Socialism isn't talking all the time, it's living, it's singing, it's dancing, it's being interested in what goes on around you, it's being concerned about people and the world."

Beatie is from Norfolk, and she speaks with the accent of that region. The members of her family are poorly educated farm folk who, far from being children of nature, embody all the wrong attitudes—attitudes which they have learned from the society around them. Her brother-in-law spouts a cheap nationalism to justify his being in the militia. Her mother is a willing victim of the mass media; she sings a sticky song called "I'll wait for You in Heaven's Blue"—apparently an invention of Wesker's. Her father meekly accepts the occupational hazards of old age, not thinking of seek-

ing help from a labor union. Her sister has no emotional or intellectual life; she has borne an illegitimate child, no one knows to whom, and she has married a man she does not love because he was willing to give the child his name. The family is torn by petty feuds: the mother is not on speaking terms with her sister-in-law, and the father, out of spite, refuses to let Beatie bake a cake for her sister. The mother and father exchange pleasantries over this matter: "You bloody ole hypocrite," she says. "You pay the bills and then you call names," he says.

But the countryside does boast one healthy, natural uncorrupted figure—Stan Mann, an old neighbor whose character was formed before mass culture took its toll. Stan is a rough, free-spoken sort who "looks like everyman's idea of a farmer." His death breaks our last link with a great past age of natural men. This pattern suggests not merely the nostalgia of *Chicken Soup with Barley* but also John Osborne's respect for an heroic past, embodied in *Look Back in Anger* by an old working-class mother (only spoken of in the play, but present and played by Edith Evans in the film) and in *The Entertainer* by the entertainer's father, a vaudevillian who is a credit to his profession. Curiously, all three die in the course of these plays—Stan Mann, the working-class mother, and Billy Rice. Their loss heightens our awareness that the healthy, primitive age is past and that now we produce no true individuals. We are formed stamped, numbered, and indistinguishable.

The troubling uncertainty of the earlier play is gone, and Wesker is at his best here, in *Roots*, balancing the arid dullness of the family against Beatie's forced, spasmodic efforts to guide them right. She fails because Ronnie has dropped her and does not come to meet her family, but, in the long run, she is justified because she finds at last that she can speak without quoting Ronnie. The effective presentation of the family reflects a talent for exposing mediocrity in the home that Wesker shares with his

contemporaries—notably Osborne and Anthony Creighton in *Epitaph for George Dillon* and N. F. Simpson in *One Way Pendulum*. But Wesker cares a little more for his characters, and he defends them as he does his Communists: "I am at one with these people—it is only that I am annoyed with them and myself."

In the third play of the trilogy, *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*, Ronnie's sister and brother-in-law try to put into effect a William Morris sort of socialism by living in the country and making furniture by hand. Their failure exposes another weakness of socialism, but, as in the other plays, it is a human weakness that is exposed, not a weakness in the doctrine. Also, these pioneers have made the mistake of living in isolation, of cutting themselves off from the community—that vital source of good in Wesker's ploys. (In *The Kitchen*, we observe the absence of community. We see teamwork but no inner harmony.)

Wesker has been compared with Clifford Odets, who was also a radical dramatist of urban Jewish life, but the differences are probably more instructive than the resemblances. Most of Wesker's Jewish characters live—or try to live—by socialist values. But ideas are foreign to most of Odets' characters; in *Awake and Sing*, for example, most of the people are hostages of the American dream of personal success. Radical doctrine may be recommended by implication, as in *Awake and Sing*, or else it is stated and never really debated, as in *Golden Boy*, where the boxer has a brother, a completely extraneous character who appears only to formulate Odets' criticism of society. Wesker's plays are *about* socialism; they are not merely justifications of socialism.

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MORE IS LESS

By BETTY HAROLD

ANNA TELLER by JO SINCLAIR. David McKay Company, Inc., 596 pages, \$5.95.

IN THE EARLY days of the confession magazines, the standard plot was the HIBK. Had I But Known I was illegitimate, you loved me, I loved you, alcohol makes sex, sex makes babies... suspense and plot action hinged on misunderstanding; enlightenment provided the dénouement. Analysis of many women's magazine stories will demonstrate that they, too, rely on the HIBK formula, liberally supported by a mass of circumstantial detail about the clothing, houses, furniture and food which surround their pasteboard characters. Now, *Had I But Known* is stretched to make a richly synthetic, six-hundred-page saga of a castrating Jewish woman in Hungary and the United States, and her effect on the people who come in contact with her.

In 1946, Jo Sinclair's *Wasteland* won the ten-thousand-dollar Harper prize and considerable popular success, with its story told in the framework of a young man's sessions with his psychiatrist. This was at a time when psychoanalysis, proven a useful therapeutic tool during the war, was beginning to be widely used and much talked about. During the Freudian 'forties and into the Zen Buddhist 'fifties, psychoanalysis dominated the thinking of a good many people in the United States, to the extent that a young writer, interviewed in the *New Yorker* as to what he intended to do after his sudden success on Broadway, could answer, "Do what any normal American male would do, buy a boat and a swimming pool and get analyzed." The fact that this young man later committed suicide while in therapy proves nothing, but it might be taken as an indication that analysis has not proved to be the universal panacea many people saw in it at that time. But its tenets,

more or less debased, have filtered down and out, so that ten-year-olds are exposed to the television prattle of Freudian errors and sex symbols; and a supposedly tough police sergeant recently was quoted in the newspapers as saying of a young mother, arrested for drugging her babies: "She did it out of guilt; she was having an affair outside her marriage."

In *Wasteland*, an alienated Jew found himself by reaffirming his cultural roots and coming out from behind the Gentile mask he had chosen for himself. Now, fourteen years and three novels later, Jo Sinclair returns to the psychological novel.

In *Anna Teller* there are five troubled people, seeking a path out of confusion and despair. The religious problem enters only peripherally. Instead of one actual analysis, there are five self-analyses conducted under various devices, and a final crisis in the form of typhoid fever, before solutions are brought about. Four of these unhappy people hope to find the answer to their troubles in the fifth—seventy-four-year-old Anna Teller, who is just arriving in the United States after escaping from the Hungarian uprising of 1956. Anna's son, grandson, and her son's two best friends all look to her—as mother symbol, mother threat, or adventurous grandmother—to provide them with the keys in their search for love and/or self-expression. Anna, herself, seeks the answers in the past and in asserting her independence, despite the comparative helplessness of her situation as a penniless immigrant and an old woman. Her self-analysis is a musing back over the past to find out where she went wrong. Her son Emil's is through the projection of an autobiographical novel he plans to write. Her American grandson's is a notebook in which he records his eavesdroppings, and his doubts and criticism of his father, while yearning for his love. (The finding of this notebook helps to provide his father with the self-knowledge which solves his problems.) One of Emil's two friends, an emotionally crippled Gentile girl with a classically clinical background, casts

her story in the form of several imaginary interviews with a psychiatrist she once refused to consult. These people, who sound like histories from a psychiatric social worker's casebook, all find their moments of truth in the last pages of *Anna Teller*. It comes down to: Had I But Known I love you; Had I But Known you loved me; Had I But Known Stephen would die while I attended to the mill; Had I But Known I was neglecting and dominating my sons; Had I But Known I was still searching for my mother's love; and, Had I But Known the power of love could conquer severe sexual difficulties. Toward the end of the book, the phrase "I love you," already misused and overworked, is tossed back and forth, from grandsons to grandmother, mother to son, son to mother, husband to wife, mother to children, friend to friend, until the reader is almost strangled by the network of treacly relationships twisting around him.

In the course of all this, we are given a story of Hungary between the two world wars, an interlude for the Second World War and the death of most of Anna Teller's family in concentration camps, postwar Hungary and the Hungarian revolution, as well as life in the Midwest from WPA days to present prosperous times.

THERE ARE whopping plot flaws. Emil, Anna's oldest son, who emigrated to America to get away from his domineering mother, had been an aspiring poet who had already published a volume of poetry in Hungary; and much of his failure is disappointment because he abandons poetry in America, and becomes a respectable *père de famille*, joining his wife in the bookstore she has founded. Never once is the problem of language mentioned. There is no consideration of the difficulties that confront a grown man who contemplates writing poetry in a foreign language, painfully self-taught. The entire Hungarian episode, where Anna Teller ignores her Jewishness and marries her daughter to an upper-class Hungarian in her success-

ful climb from poverty to storekeeping success in Budapest (no anti-Semitism noticeable until 1937 or '38), seems most unconvincing to one who remembers studying Hungarian anti-Semitism in the early nineteen thirties. And when Anna Teller, the successful businesswoman turned pastry cook, arrives in the United States after having fought on the streets in the Hungarian uprising of 1956, of what does her son, that aborted poet, suspect her? Of being a Communist, although she has fled Hungary, and in the past her political tendencies verged toward the right.

Throughout, along with major and minor anachronisms, a great deal of authentic detail is mixed in with an equal amount of inauthentic characterization. It is hard to know whether one is feeling queasy from all the salami, sausages, peppers, goulash, stuffed cabbage, nut horns, and *dobos torte* which are consumed, liberally laced with Tokay, martinis, Scotch, and coffee, or from the bald presumption of much of the writing.

To get away from the painful spectacle of this over-ambitious and over-generous novel, one might try to apply a little pocket analysis to its author. Why are her men weak and emasculated while her women are strong as rocks? Her Jewish women, in Hungary and the United States, are practical businesswomen with no self-doubts, handling household, family, and retail stores with brisk efficiency. The one Gentile woman feels weak, but acts with strength and resolution throughout. Anna, who seems bloodcurdling to me, is loved and admired by all and called "the General" as an affectionate nickname. Only her cowardly and weak son criticises her, trying to punish her for his childhood days when she ignored him a good part of the time, and allowed his little brother to die of neglect. There is a curious inversion of the Philip Wylie image of Mom in this heroine; she is presented as a super-mother whose chief faults are her lack of confidence and self-doubts in old age,

rather than her ruthless rise to power by distorting human values and ignoring family responsibilities. Anna Teller's devastating sins, including the indirect murder of children and grandchildren, are treated much more gently by the author than the comparatively mild ones of non-production and irritability in her son. Is it that her strength expiates her sins, that the greatest crime of all is inadequacy, like that of her poor husband who died as inoffensively as he had lived? A ruthless, not to say immoral, view this, though hardly unusual these days.

One of the great defects of *Anna Teller* is the author's confused attitude toward the large themes so frequently touched upon. Communism, democracy, Jewishness, homosexuality, art and poetry are all treated on a level of wide-eyed platitude, consonant with the soap-opera plotting which subordinates them to the misunderstandings about love which are the essential concern of the book. If, on the other hand, the characters took life and breath, one might be able to forgive this tendency to deal with half digested and half understood ideas. Unfortunately, they do not. We are told by the author of Anna Teller's magnificent command of words and of Emil's glorious charm; they themselves hardly demonstrate these properties. Her adolescent boys grate the most. It is hard to take a seventeen-year-old who thinks of his fifteen-year-old brother as "that cute bastard" and addresses him affectionately as "snotty" and "lover boy." Nor is the habit of quoting the bad poetry of Emil and his protégé Abby likely to charm readers. The fact that Miss Sinclair tries to avoid responsibility by having them criticise their own creations, "She was full of hackneyed phrases, told a thousand times before by second-rate poets," only adds embarrassment to irritation.

Sentimental, sincere, over-plotted and under-authenticated, *Anna Teller* reminds one of Mies van der Rohe's dictum: less is more. In this case, more is less.

A PLEA FOR DISARMAMENT

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

THE GREAT CONTEST, by ISAAC DEUTSCHER. New York: Oxford University Press. 86 pp. \$2.75.

THE FUTURE, as Isaac Deutscher envisages it, will set in competition with each other two great worlds which with the passage of years will have grown if not like each other at least less different than each other.

This challenging concept lies at the heart of the notable series of Dafoe lectures which Mr. Deutscher delivered in Canada in the autumn of 1959, and which are collected in this slim volume.

Mr. Deutscher believes that Russia has left the prison days of Stalin behind. Regardless of the centuries of history in which Russia has traditionally been ruled by tyrants he believes that in the new technologically superior era whose threshold she now stands upon the Soviet will, inevitably, become a society of greater freedoms.

It is his belief that Soviet progress toward a more libertarian society will be uneven. He does not preclude the possibility that it will be marked by outright clashes between the rulers and the ruled. But he feels that the course toward greater freedom is irrevocable.

"The new Soviet generation longs to see the goddess of freedom in its camp," Mr. Deutscher writes, "and it may yet tempt her over there."

To Americans long accustomed to reading of Soviet tyranny, to the oppression of the secret police, of concentration camps, midnight arrests, ideological conformity, the dictation of the one-party system and dialectic controls this may sound like very strange talk.

But it is not mere rhetoric and Mr. Deutscher is far from indulging in wishful thinking. It is his belief that just as the harsh economic and social realities of Russia's struggle to achieve the industrial revolution compelled her to adopt the harsh tyrannical methods of the Stalin era, so the very real requirements of the

new technology and the greater economic comfort and security produced by that technology inevitably will compel a whole new psychology of social and political techniques.

Mr. Deutscher does not believe that Moscow is going to be pulled over into the train of the brutal Peking comet. He does not think that the dynamics of the Chinese Communist movement will be sufficient to distract the Soviet from an orbit of western libertarian orientation which he regards as already firmly fixed. Nor does he think that a period of saber-rattling and name-calling is likely to be followed up with actual employment of nuclear arms. He discerns in Moscow quite as full a perception of the suicidal results of nuclear war as exists on this side of the Atlantic.

Premier Khrushchev, in his opinion, is an interim ruler—a link between the hard old Stalinist days of investment and capital foundation and the new era just ahead of greater ease and enormously increased productivity.

It is the interim nature of Mr. Khrushchev's rule which gives it, in Mr. Deutscher's opinion, its curious half-on, half-off appearance. Mr. Khrushchev sometimes is pulling his system behind him. Sometimes he is being shoved ahead by it.

The credentials which Mr. Deutscher places behind his hypotheses are of the highest. No one studying the Soviet scene—with the possible exception of George Kennan—has had a more brilliant record of insight and perception for Soviet events in the last decade. If Mr. Kennan was able to perceive that the Stalin cold war was about to end a full year before its master shuffled off the world stage, Mr. Deutscher blueprinted most of the Khrushchev era within a few weeks of Stalin's death.

There are several schools of Soviet analysis in the United States. In numbers they far exceed the numbers of scholars engaged in this field in all the rest of the world put together. And, of course, there are far more Americans busy studying the Soviet Union than there are Russians studying the United States.

The leading American schools of Soviet study lean heavily upon German traditions of Russian and Soviet scholarship. Perhaps, inevitably, they tend to see the Soviet scene through the refractions of what happened in Hitler's Germany. The refractions inevitably cause a more or less serious distortion. If there is one thing which Russia is not, it is that she is not and never will be Teutonic in her psychology and reflexes. This, of course, is the reason why the Marxian dialectic has become almost unrecognizable in Russian hands.

Another important American school of Soviet study is strongly influenced by ex-Communists. The ex-Communist approach tends to suffer from precisely the same analytical faults from which Communist analysis suffers—except in reverse.

It is Mr. Deutscher's special advantage that while he has himself been an active Marxist he has been able to apply this experience to the constructive hypothe- cation of Soviet psychology. And, being a native of Poland, he has been close enough to the Slavic mind of Russia to be able to put himself in the place of the Soviet citizen and assess with astonishing accuracy his reaction to a whole chain of possibilities.

Soviet foreign policy, as Mr. Deutscher strongly emphasizes, proceeds inevitably out of domestic policy.

"This," he notes, "is all too often forgotten in a period of 'summit' meetings when the public is led to believe that three or four Big Men solve, or fail to solve, the world's predicaments according to whether they have or do not have the wisdom, the good will or the magic wand needed for their task."

Mr. Deutscher frankly states that he does not believe that his argument about the Great Contest of the last quarter of this century—the struggle between a Soviet version of freedom and our own—is widely accepted.

"But," as he says, "it will serve its purpose if it turns attention to the less obvious aspects of the problem under discussion." He is making, he says, in so many words, a basic plea for disarmament.

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A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

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